AMERICA'S TOP EROTIC FILM REVIEW!

FLICK

K49512 FEB 1978 $2.25

CAUGHT WITH MEAT IN HER MOUTH

NEW PORN SPOTLIGHT: "HEATWAVE" & "VIOLATION OF CLAUDIA"

FILMDOM'S TOP BANANA SCARFER!

PINKEST CENTERFOLD IN TOWN!

UNSPEAKABLY SHOCKING SCENES FROM PASOLINI'S "SALO"!

0 71896 49512 02

I DIDN'T "WORK" A DAY LAST YEAR YET I MADE $500,000! AND YOU CAN DO IT TOO, ONCE I SHOW YOU HOW!

I quit "working" a long time ago. It's just not for me.

Yet I live in a 12-room "dream" house, designed and built just for me, with *dozens* of custom touches like hand-crafted oak paneling in the den and stereo in every room. (The landscaping alone cost me a fortune!)

In the Summer when I want to "get away from it all," I get a house on the Maryland shore, put the wife and kids in my Cadillac Seville, and take off. (I keep my Corvette for times when I want to travel light—and fast!)

It sure is a good life. I play tennis, golf, water ski and travel whenever and wherever I want. (*Always* first class, of course.) And, maybe best of all, I can look forward to a lot more of the same—I'm *only* 33!

Why am I telling you all this? Simply because:

IT'S A CRYING SHAME FOR YOU NOT TO BE MAKING THIS KIND OF MONEY WHEN I DO IT SO EASILY!

I'm a professional handicapper. And last year I made $500,000 doing what most guys do for fun — *playing the horses*. But the major difference between me and those guys is that I make a living at it. A damn good one, too. Because I'm also a *professional winner*.

And don't think I don't know what you're saying to yourself right now; in the years I've been at it, I've heard *everything bad* you can say about playing the ponies:

"You just can't beat the horses."

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

"Gamble with fate and you'll pay the price."

"I had an Uncle who lost everything, and ended up on the bottle."

"Every *fool* has a 'system'!"

Go ahead, laugh if you want to. I know *I* do. All the way to the bank.

BECAUSE THE *FACTS* PROVE OUT THAT YOU *CAN BEAT THE RACES*! I SHOULD KNOW BECAUSE I DO IT CONSISTENTLY. CONSISTENTLY ENOUGH TO HAVE MADE $500,000 LAST YEAR ALONE.

You see, racing is like a private club. A club made up of professionals — like me — who have access to certain information that the average guy just can't get. And I'm a member in good standing. And this gives me an edge — the *winning* edge.

Handicapping is what I do. The only thing I do. I've been doing it all my life. (My father was a handicapper, too.) I have talent — and sometimes I have luck.

But, more than that, I do it *every day*. I'm there when and where the action is. I'm there when you can't be. I can find out things that you can't. I know the "inside" guys you don't — guys who are as good as me in many ways! So, I can back up what I know.

I read about racing. I study it. I make phone calls. I listen. I watch. I think. Then, I put it all together and come up with the right answer. The answer that works. The horse that *pays off*.

And, I win. All the time. Just like a "pro." $500,000 in just one year.

WINNING BETTORS COLLECT *$350 MILLION* EACH SEASON! AND SOME OF THAT CAN BE YOURS IF YOU LISTEN TO ME.

I've taken the benefit of my years of experience as a Professional Winner and condensed it into *seven simple rules* that you can learn in one hour's time. Rules so simple that many so-called racing "experts" will sneer at my method without even trying it. And, that's just *fine* with me.

Because I didn't do it for them. I did it for you. All of you guys who want more out of life than just a job. Who want some of the "luxuries" of life before you're too old to enjoy them.

And so here is Mike Warren's System of the Century, designed for only *one* thing — to produce *winners*! *And money!* Just seven elementary, but critically important things you have to know to pick the winning horse in *any* race. Seven things so easy to learn that practically *any 12-year-old can master them in as little as one hour*! Yet so startlingly effective that with just *one* of these rules — Rule 4 — you can go to any race track with an infield turf (grass) course, and make the kind of bets that will have people believing *you've been a track "pro" for at least 20 years*!

Even if you've never been to the track before — or placed a bet on the horses in your *life* —

YOU'LL BE *ASTOUNDED* AT THE SIMPLICITY AND LOGIC OF THIS COMMON-SENSE WAY TO EASILY PICK THE KIND OF WINNERS THAT RETURN CRISP, NEW $10, $20 — EVEN $50 BILLS — FOR A *MERE $2 WAGER!*

Of course, if you're a regular horseplayer, The System of the Century will have even greater appeal. How many times have you spent *hours* pouring over a single race . . . doping out *every* detail . . . figuring every angle — only to find that the horse you picked to begin with, and decided against for some reason even *you* can't remember, romped home an easy winner! And paid a whopping $60!

Or, how about the time your brother-in-law talked you off a horse you *knew* would win — and did!

But no more! Because what I have here is a technique that is so easy, so simple to understand, yet so *foolproof* that it will put money — lots of it — in your pocket *every* time. No guesswork. No mistakes. No errors in judgment. Just *pure exact answers*! And *winners*! After all, it's the method I use myself! And I refuse to lose!

All you need is a grubstake — as little as $20 — and a little patience. The System of the Century does the rest. Just follow these seven rules — *strictly* — and start cashing in on those big parimutual tickets! The kind that most guys just dream about!

TODAY, RACING IS BIG BUSINESS. AND, TO MAKE MORE THAN YOUR CAR FARE HOME, YOU'VE GOT TO TREAT IT LIKE A BUSINESS.

That's how I made $500,000 last year. Making racing my business. "Luck" has *nothing* to do with picking a winner. The System of the Century has *everything* to do with it. And you can find that out for yourself. Just like this.

Through this ad, I'm giving you the opportunity to be one of the first people to try Mike Warren's System of the Century. (In fact, this is the *only* way to get it.) Naturally, the only reason I'm doing this is to make money. For you and for me. (Personally, I want to make a lot more than $500,000 *this* year!)

But, I'm going to ask you to do me one favor. Don't tell *anybody* about this. Not even your wife. Not for a while anyway.

Here's why.

Quite frankly, when you tell your friends or family about this, I'm afraid that they're going to try to talk you out of it. The world is full of skeptics, and most of them honestly believe that racing is a rip-off. And, you just might listen to them. And then we're both going to lose.

So, this is what I'm going to ask you to do.

Clip out the coupon below and return it to me with your check for $9.95. Then, use my System of the Century at your local race track for *one full month*. Just *make sure to follow the seven rules to the letter!* Bet all you want — and keep what you take in *with my blessings!*

And, if after a full 30 days, you don't feel you've latched on to the sweetest little money-maker *ever*, just return the System to me and I'll send you *your original check uncashed*! (Just date your check one month ahead. That way nobody can touch your ten bucks while you prove to yourself that my System of the Century is everything I say it is!)

Could anything be fairer?

And, could I afford to make this kind of offer if I didn't believe that my System could make you a consistent winner — just like me — for the rest of your racing days?

Remember, I'm the best there is in this game. If you want to win a fight, get Muhammed Ali. If you want a home run, call for Hank Aaron. If you want to make money at the track — *lots of it* — I'm it.

So, don't waste another minute envying guys who live like me. *Be* one! Return the coupon below NOW!

Mike Warren

JUST READ WHAT HORSEPLAYERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE SAYING ABOUT MIKE WARREN!

"Great news . . . They ran as if they were *programmed*. TOUGH ELSIE ran away with it and PERSIAN FLING stayed in the second slot with ease — *what a payoff* . . . my good news was *$2,620.00 for $40 bet!*"

R.C.
New York City, N.Y.

"I must tell you . . . It's just *fantastic* . . . Last week I parlayed a house in the 6th race at Aqueduct and a horse in the 9th race at Arlington Park. The first paid $35.40 to $12.40 — the second paid $10.20 to $6.00 — *made a nice bundle!*"

E.A.S.
Chicago, Illinois

"You are FANTASTIC!!! Absolutely THE GREATEST!!! All four of the horses you gave me at Aqueduct Saturday won and paid real good. Thank you very much."

N.P.
Lawrenceburg, Ind.

"Congratulations for your over 1,000% performance at Big A. *A beautiful job indeed.* It put me in the black!"

B.M.
Louisville, Ky.

Mail to: **MIKE WARREN** FL-28
The Baltimore Bulletin
23-25 Walker Avenue
Professional Building
Baltimore, Maryland 21208

Please send me the System of the Century. I have enclosed $_____ in cash, check or money order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

FLICK

FEBRUARY 1978 CONTENTS VOL. 3 NO. 1

SEX SUPERMARKET
Throughout the country the glories of capitalism are at work to merchandise sex. Soon they'll be fucking in the aisles! 5

PASOLINI'S "SALO"
Disturbing photos and a review of "Salo", the most shocking film to be unveiled at the New York Film Festival 8

8MM REPORT
Ronald L. Smith, America's top 8mm film authority, keeps you up to date in the filth marketplace 16

VIOLATION OF CLAUDIA
A steamy new addition to the feature-length porno film scene is about a housewife gone horny 18

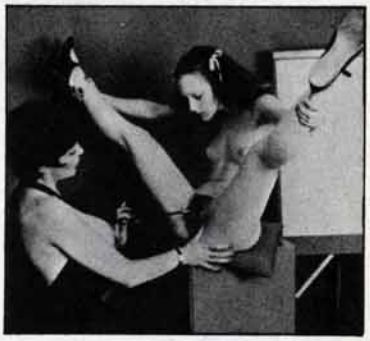
HEAT WAVE: HOT NEW PORN FLICK
This series of vignettes urges you to connect to the devil in you. So just let it all out. This is a top Flick film choice 24

SLUICING A SINEMA SLICE
It is "think pink" month and we're celebrating it with our hot pink centerfold slice 32

PART-TIME PORNO ACTOR
Our hero trades a typing job for the glitter and thrills of porn stardom. ... 38

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE HAPPY HOOKER
This photo spread is absolutely monstrous. Frankenstein makes a real sucker out of Dracula 40

GROUPIE GROPE
Do rock stars have more sex than you? They certainly have more than usual to judge by this story 48



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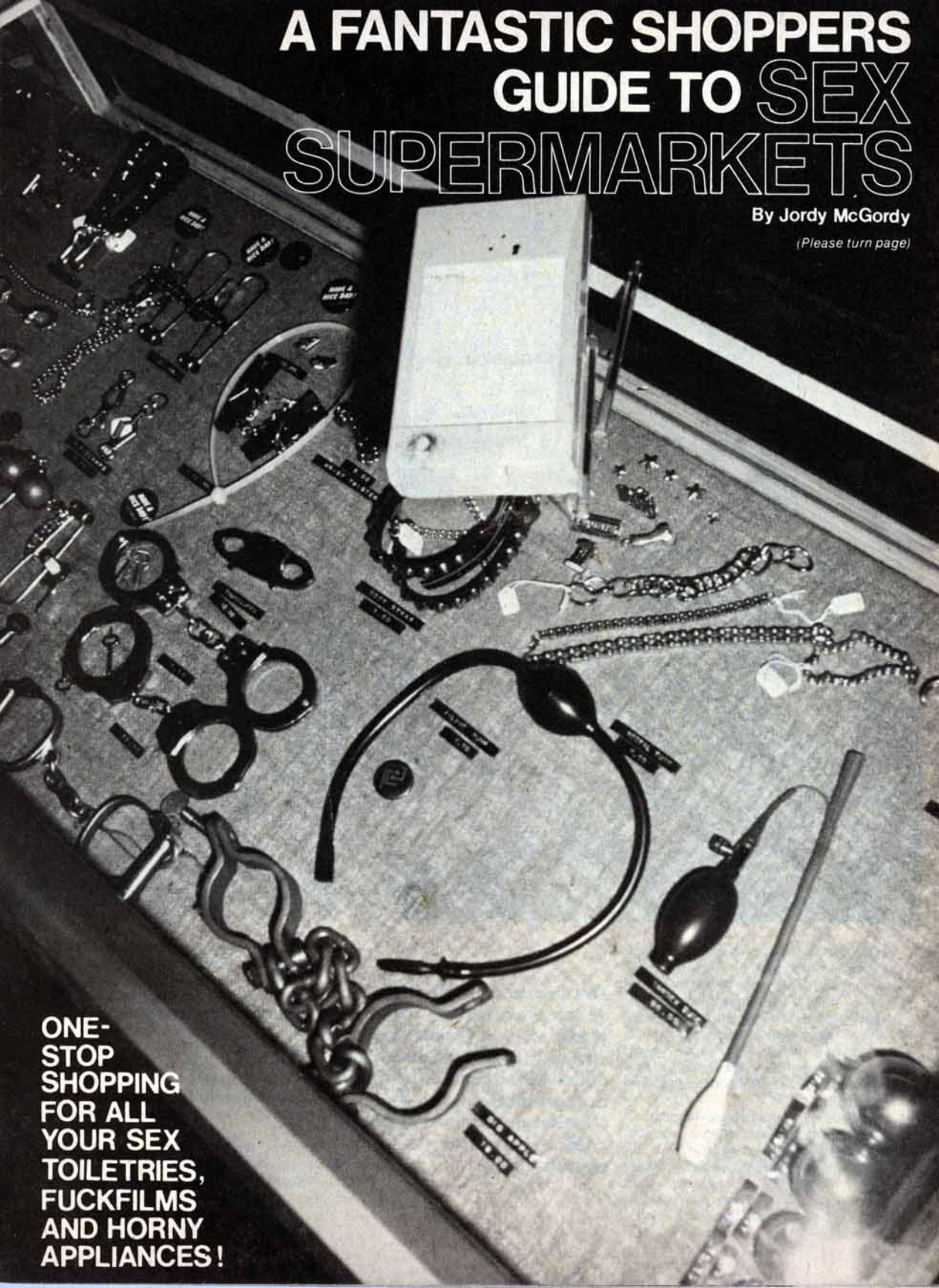
SLUICING A SINEMA SLICE

See page 32

A FANTASTIC SHOPPERS GUIDE TO SEX SUPERMARKETS

By Jordy McGordy

(Please turn page)



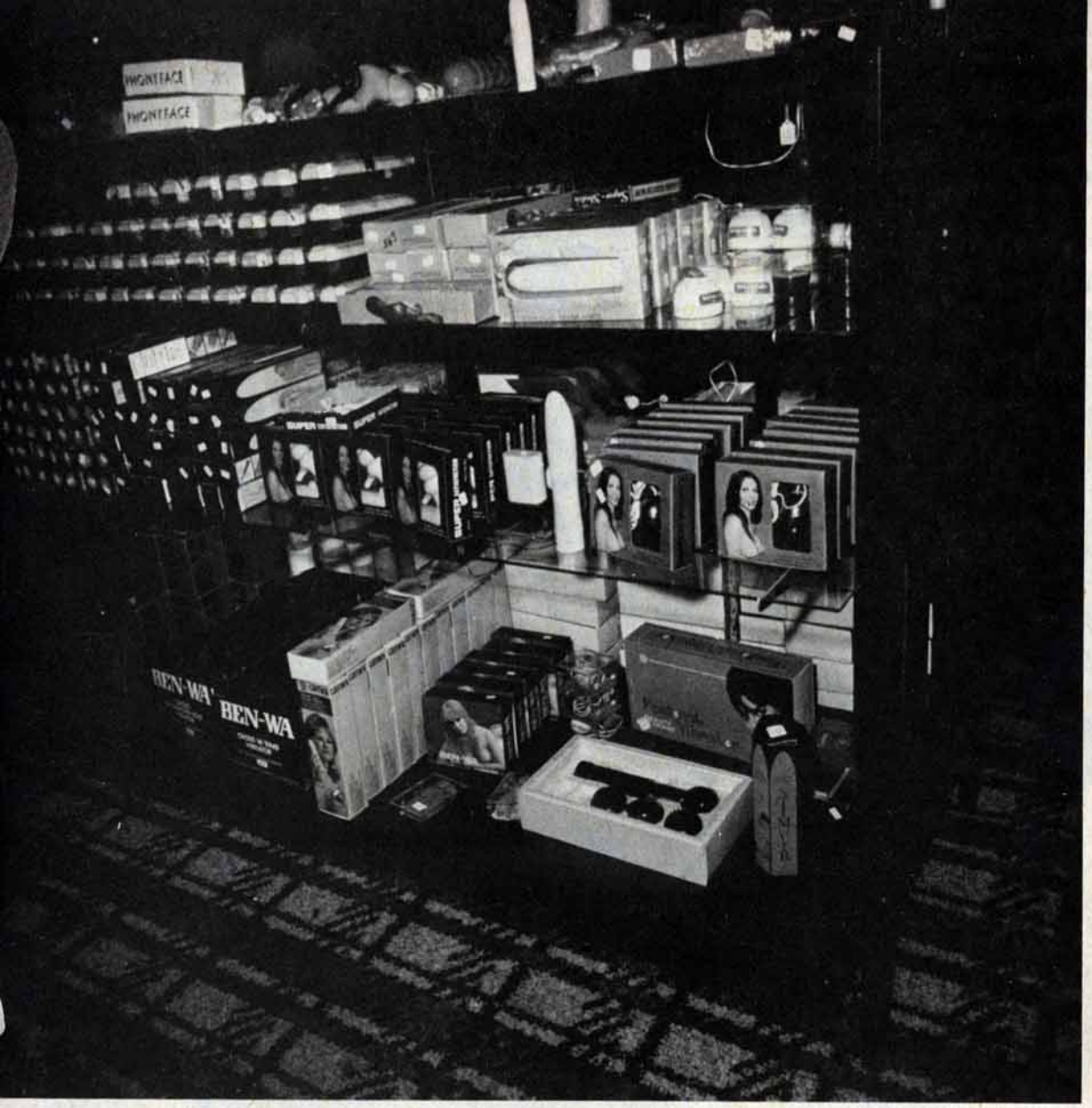
ONE-STOP SHOPPING FOR ALL YOUR SEX TOILETRIES, FUCKFILMS AND HORNY APPLIANCES!

■One of the strangest events in erotica has been the discovery and exposure of a sex supermarket in respectable, staid old New England. The unearthing of this incredible operation was due to a citizen's vigilante group against pornography, but the story is being kept under wraps because of the involvement of many of the town's leading citizens who frequented the supermarket.

Obviously, a considerable amount of political pressure was placed on the authorities to keep this story quiet. The city fathers are afraid that the publicity would not only damage many reputations, but the town itself. It's located right near a famous Northeast summer and winter resort area and much of its income is based on tourists. Though formal charges were filed against a married couple who own the supermarket, the talk is that the case may never be tried in court because of the damage it could do to the town.

The sex merchandise included contraceptives, dildoes, vibrators, photo books, magazines, films and working dolls. At the rear of the store two projectors and screens were set up where customers could view films of their choice.

This writer interviewed the owners and certain members of the vigilante committee that reluctantly admitted their participation in "all-night orgies" that took place in the market. As a result of the interviews, it was interesting to note that the members of the vigilante committee disbanded their organization. After experiencing first-hand a variety of sexual acts and behavior that they had never participated in ever before, the former members now agree that no government has the right to legislate against one's morality. That as long as no



one is hurt, victimized or forced against their will to participate in certain kinds of sexual acts, people should have the right to do what they want sexually.

After promising everyone complete anonymity as to their names and the location of the town, I was allowed to see the "supermarket" in action. The only reason the writer knows about the supermarket of sex was due to the fortuitous chance that a first cousin lives in the town and was also involved.

When I saw the supermarket in full swing, I was not only stunned at the sexual behavior of everyone, but at the ingenuity of the store, its employees and its owners. During the day the store was like a supermarket anywhere, but once the normal work day ended the change took place. The market had five checkout counters at the end of five long aisles. To "shop" during the special night hours one had to show a membership card. Naturally, at night the store windows were covered. The activities began at 11 PM and closed at 3 AM when the market would once again be converted back to its normal daytime role.

The shelves that held the films were designated by tags that read Straight Sex, Gay Sex, Bisexual Sex, or Fetish Sex. Special thick nylon and velvet rugs were laid down from one end of the aisle to the other and soft mood music played continuously.

Though the shelves along the aisles contained the usual food and toiletry merchandise, all the goods from one aisle were replaced with a complete assortment of sex merchandise. These included contraceptives, dildoes, vibrators, photo books, magazines, films and working dolls.

(Continued on page 64)

"SALO," The Most Shocking Entry At The New York Film Festival

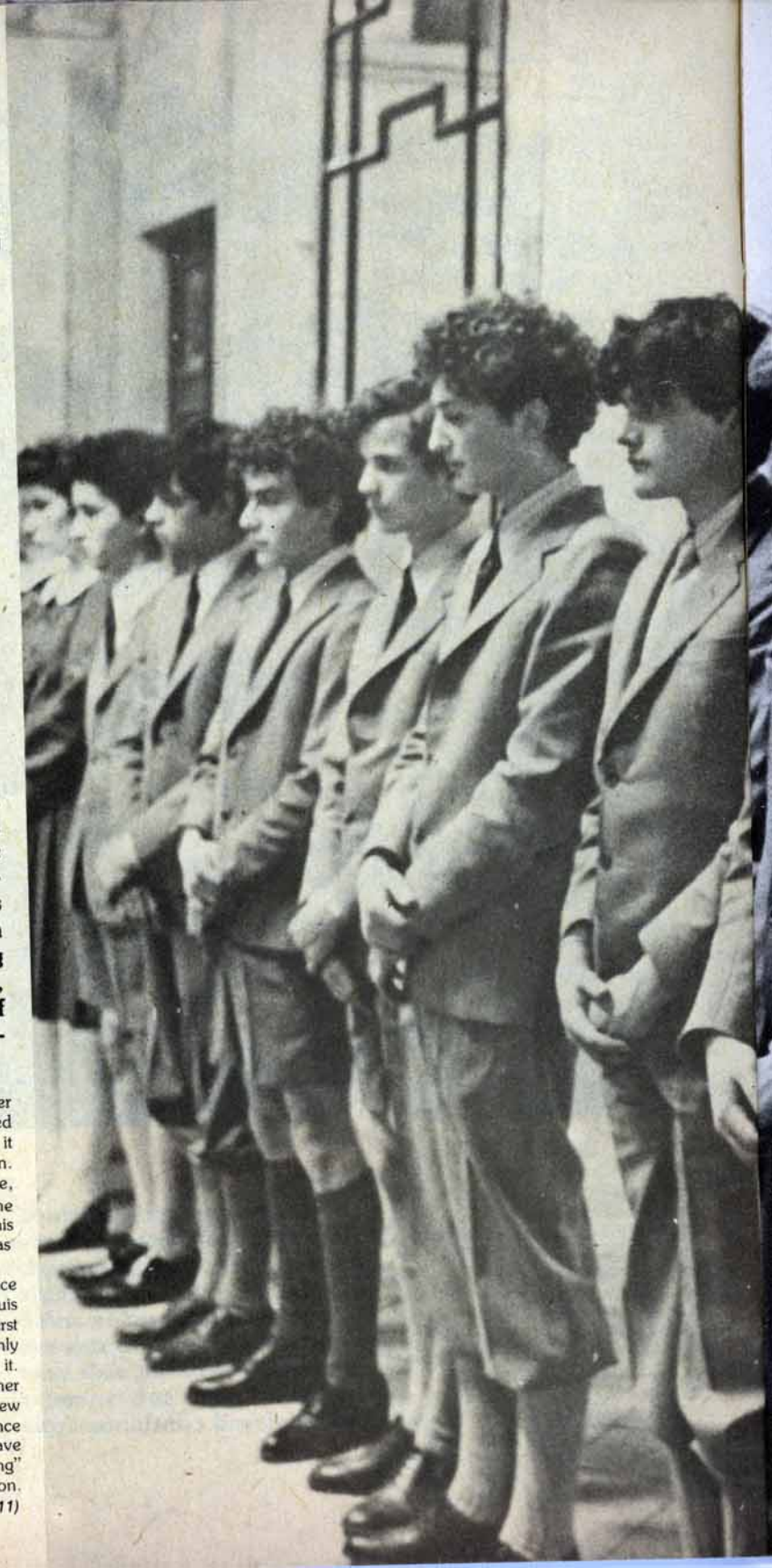
By Howard Bart

In scene after scene corrupt middle-aged fascists and their beauties-turned-crone courtesans—whose ingeniously sleazy sex fantasies form the fabric of the drama—are constantly perverting the innocence of youth, castrating the tender joy of love and stabbing the beauties of humanity.

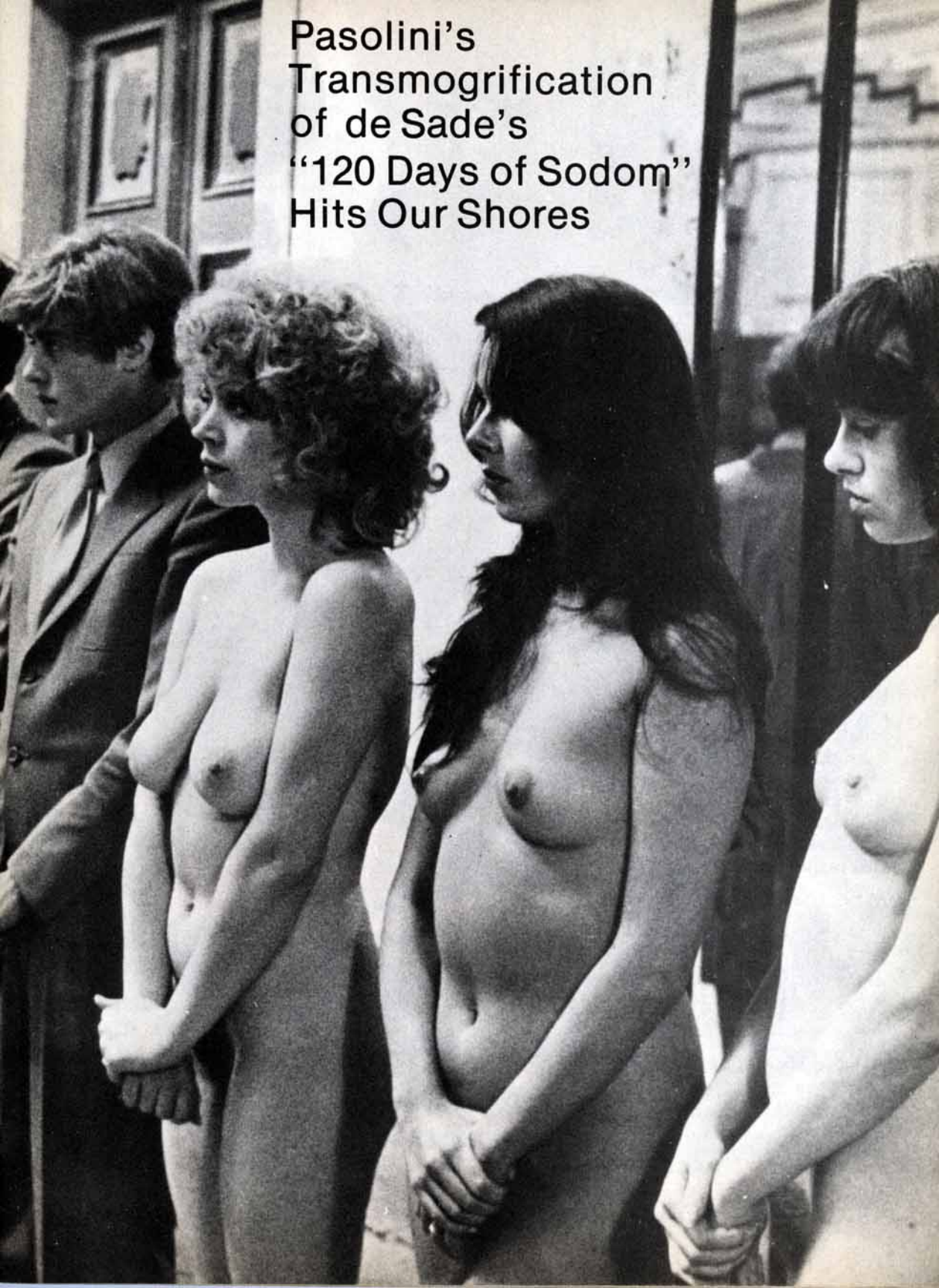
■ It rained on the bleak afternoon Pier Paolo Pasolini's last work *Salo* premiered at the New York Film Festival and luckily it was still raining at the film's conclusion. *Salo* is definitely not an afternoon movie, and members of the audience left the screening numb, shocked and, like this viewer, greatly saddened. The rain was therapeutic. It cleansed and purged.

It has been more than a month since this terrifying cinematic treatment of Marquis de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom* was first unveiled in the United States and I am only now able to sit down and write about it. Other film critics did not even bother to do the same. Avoiding reviews, the New York top dailies instead described audience reaction to the film—and those views have ranged from "disturbing" to "disgusting"—but few critics want to offer an evaluation.

(Continued on page 11)



Pasolini's Transmogrification of de Sade's "120 Days of Sodom" Hits Our Shores



(Continued from page 8)

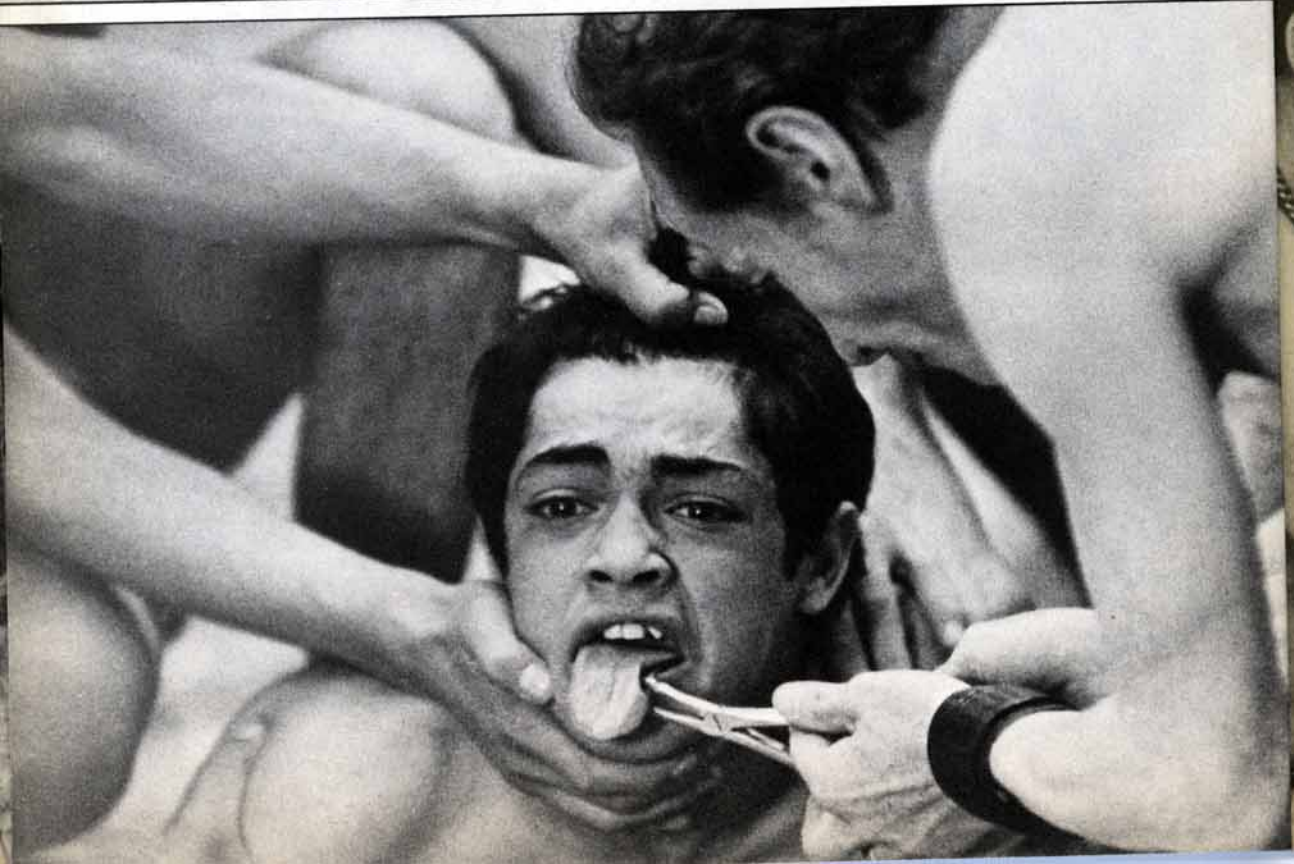
This may not be because of the exceptional grossness of the movie, but probably because the grossness is made even more vivid due to the fact that it is the work of one of our finest modern filmmakers. Pasolini was a *great* director.

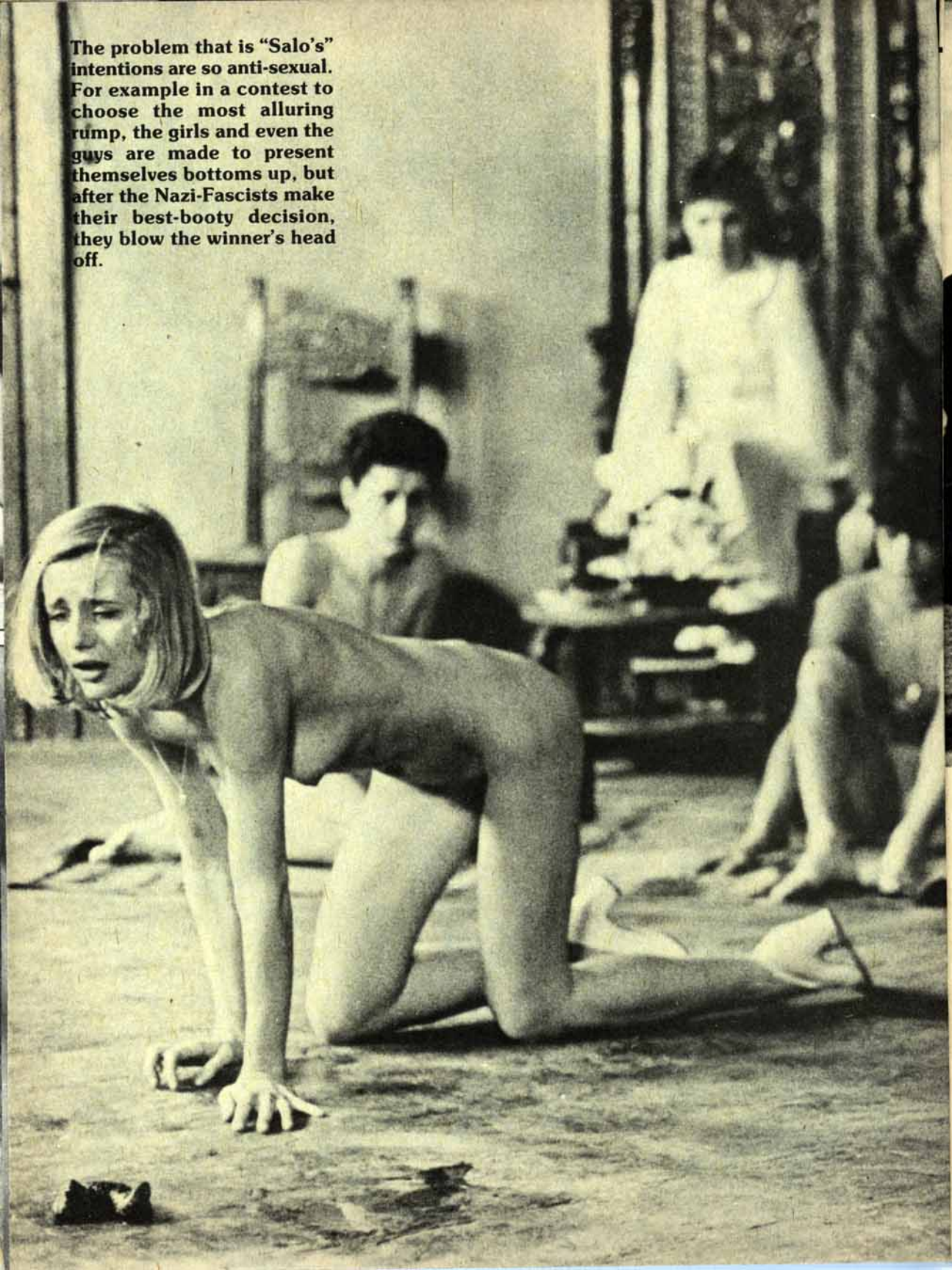
There has been a shroud of secrecy and hype concerning the film. It was released in 1975 shortly before Pasolini was murdered in Italy by an 18-year-old guy who repeatedly backed over the director's body with Pasolini's very own Ferrari. That murder was disturbing enough, but the film offers its own ironic epilogue because it is a movie steeped in violence, torture, humiliation, bloodshed and scatological excesses.

A 20-minute shit-eating banquet was enough, I suppose, to get the film banned in Italy and shown in France only under the most extraordinary restrictions. Now it comes to the land-of-the-free-and-the-home-of-the-brave to be shown at a New York culture palace followed by commercial distribution. The eating and wallowing in shit was bad enough, but one becomes almost nostalgic for scat when Pasolini passes further into the mire of human corruption into a "Circle of Blood" where the most beautiful girls and boys imaginable are tortured and dismembered while tormentors watch through spyglasses or actually participate in the butchery. Other films can be characterized as bloodier than *Salo*, certainly. *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *The Corpse Grinders*, *The Torture Show* have more gore, but none of them makes the greater impact of horror. Pasolini paces the action and the accumulation of outrage, revulsion and disgust much the way Marquis de Sade did with his jailhouse drama *120 Days of Sodom*. Readers of that volume were probably not surprised by what they saw in Pasolini's ghastly film transmogrification. In the book, de Sade's clinical scenes of "crapulous debauch" develop thematically from highly imaginative and tolerable fantasies into utter brutality, where words inspire images of devastating horror. This escalating development of terror piled upon itself is what makes the film so saddening to the spirit ultimately, because the catalogue of horrors becomes frighteningly effective in ways that another

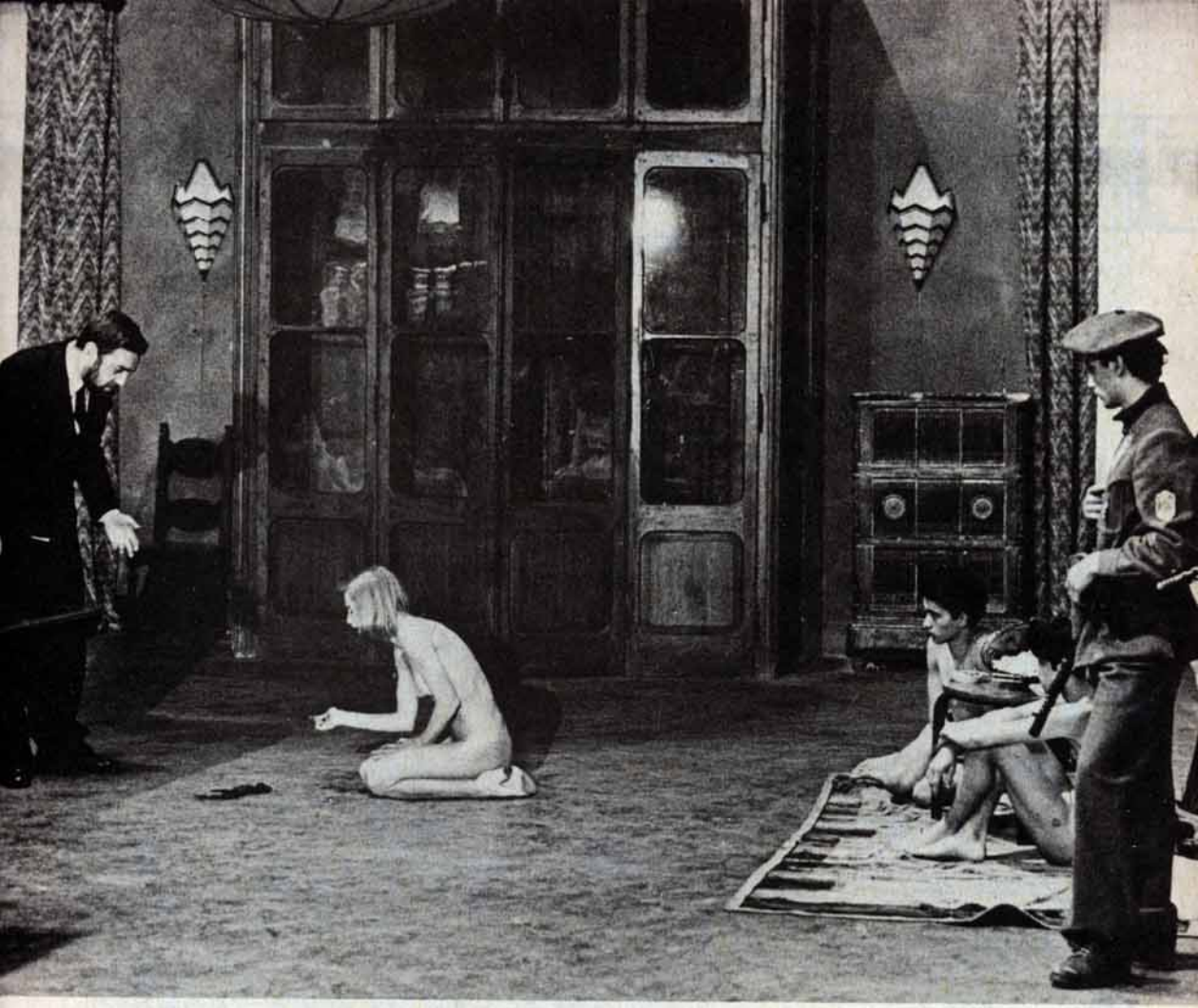
"Salo" is not a sexy film, but nobody can deny the exotic, perfect, hand-picked beauty of the film's participants. Aside from everything else, evidently Pasolini is an ass man because he has artfully arranged the most gorgeous bottoms on celluloid.

(Continued on page 15)





The problem that is "Salo's" intentions are so anti-sexual. For example in a contest to choose the most alluring rump, the girls and even the guys are made to present themselves bottoms up, but after the Nazi-Fascists make their best-booty decision, they blow the winner's head off.



director, say Ken Russell in the *Devils*, would fail and lose his audience through an excessiveness beyond the material, which in Pasolini's case is horrible enough. The film begins and we are in Salo, a short-lived Italian Fascist Republic in 1943. We observe the seeds of corruption being planted, we see them cultivated and fertilized with the blood of the community's most beautiful young people. We see dissected the ideological basic for Fascism and its ultimate degeneration into sadism and madness. Out of all this there are three things worth abstractly mentioning and discussing concerning what most offends viewers.

Aside from the unending violence, bloodshed and constant affronts to the human spirit, what bothers many in the audience are the most disgusting shit scenes. These images have seldom been exploited cinematically in the past [*Pink Flamingos* did in a campy vein) and they trigger our conditioned shit-embarrassment.

Second, from the standpoint of erotic film fans which I assume readers of this article are, I must warn you that as a sexual turn-on, *Salo* is a bomb. Although you will not find a more attractive bunch of tantalizing home-grown Italian young folk, it is not fun at all to see them systematically mutiliated by the film's conclusion. Add to *that* also the unfair case Salo makes for sodomy. What an affront! Pasolini would have us believe sodomy is base, and as hateful as murder. For example, one fascistic tormentor goes so far as to remark that to him sodomy is more interesting than murder because it can be performed over again upon a person, whereas one only has the "pleasure" of murdering a person once.

As a sexual turn on Salo is a bomb. Although you will ot find a more attractive bunch of tantalizing home-grown Italian young folk, it is not at all fun to see them systematically mutilated by the film's conclusion.

Third, Pasolini subliminally seeks to prove a certain corruption brought about by age. Youth symbolizes innocence, age equates corruption in this film.

I want to get into discussing these thoughts by relating a personal experience.

The night before I attended the afternoon premier of *Salo*, I had reviewed a Randy Newman concert at Avery Fisher Hall.As

(Continued on page 62)

8mm FILMS

Beach Party

Crotch Watchers

THIS 8MM THRILL FOR WINTER FEATURES TOASTY SEX-ON-SAND DELIGHTS

By Ron Smith

The girl watches the sensuous couple and begins to get itchy. She slips her bathing suit top down to play with her own big boobs. Then, pulling the crotch of her bikini aside, she masturbates frantically.

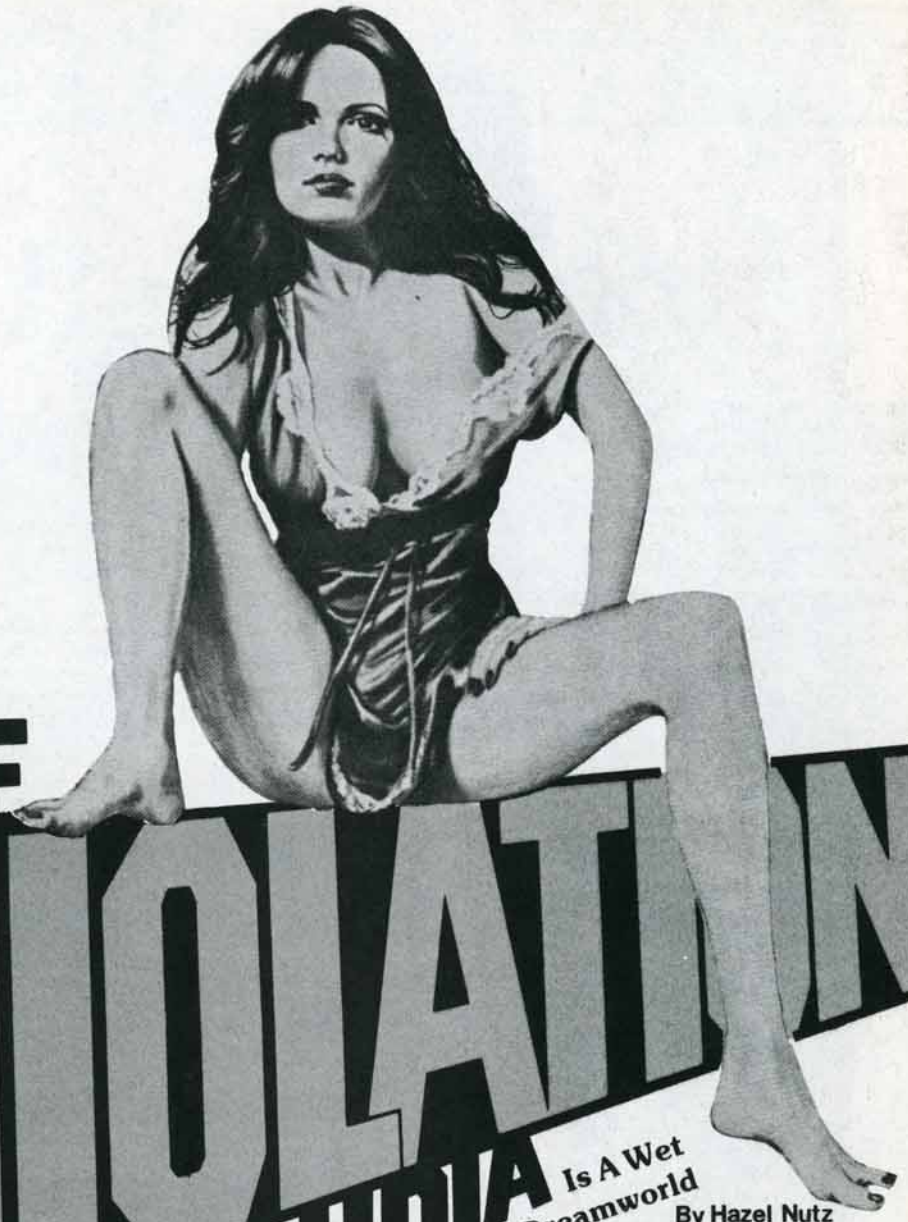
■ The new Continental Classics series offers some interesting 8mm film fare for the home movie muff buff. There are ten numbers in the series altogether but that would give any projector a breakdown (to say nothing of the projectionist). Let's take a closer look at four representative titles.

Let's Play Ball is Film No. 1, the opening attraction. And quite an eye opener it is, too. As the film begins, two young ladies are in their backyard tossing around a beach ball. Nudists at play, they gambol about and show their charms when they bend over like sensuous centers to "hike" the ball between their legs at each other. The camera zooms in for these full moon and hairy crotch shots as the titillating titters tire out.

Once back in their bedroom the girls start lezzing it up, kissing and fondling each other's mouths, cunts and ass cheeks. Procuring a miniature liquor bottle, one of the girls diverts herself by hitting the bottle, dipping it deep into her cunt. But all this has not gone unobserved. A man has been peeping at the girls and can't restrain himself any longer. He breaks into the house to confront the two lewd nudies.

As is usually the case in porn flicks, the girls not only remain calm when they notice the strange man in their bedroom—they invite him to join in the fun! And he needs no prompting as he promptly pulls his prong out. The girls are all over him, one of them making quite a show of sucking his cock and then nestling her nose in his hairy balls. Then, for the rest of the film, he plunges his magic twanger in twat and mouth, both girls getting their fill till the spilling finale, when after jerking off in one girl's cleavage, the guy lets his cum

(Continued on page 58)



THE VIOLATION OF CLAUDIA

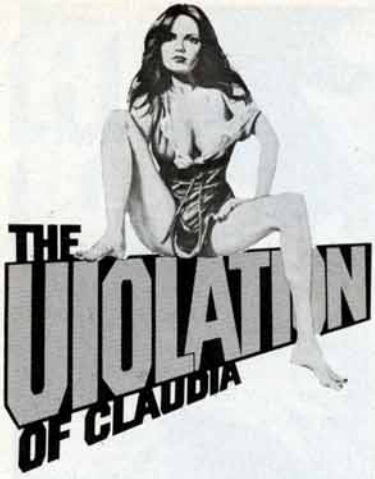
Is A Wet Dreamworld

By Hazel Nutz

■Don't be turned off by the rather severe title of this little sex flick. Claudia digs a moving violation, and it's all done willingly and thrillingly. This may not be the best film of the year but it's certainly up at the top—and it deserves the McDonald's Award for having the most outstanding culinary scenes in any erotic film this year—a chocolate cock suck and an anal eat-out. But more about those two items later.

Horny young Claudia (Sharon Mitchell) lives a life of luxury with her wealthy

(Continued on page 21)



(Continued from page 18)

husband Jason. Unfortunately, the guy doesn't seem to be especially interested in her. She doesn't want to be unfaithful, but she needs to feel a fat cock wriggling up her sex starved snatch every once in a while. The chick with the itch in her ditch has but one recourse to get some intercourse. She latches on to her handsome tennis instructor named Kip (Jamie Gillis) who is only too willing to help heat up her hole. Kip is going to keep Claudia's clam open with the help of a variety of his friends. But first he wants to try her out himself.

She buries her face in Claudia's ass crack and madly munches on the mounds of her chubby cheeks. She gently nibbles on her hanging cuntlips licking and sucking at every shimmering cranny.

In the locker room Claudia steps out of her short tennis skirt as Kip appears. They don't have to say a word. Kip embraces her and with his fingers penetrating her pie, Claudia turns into a tigress and hungrily submits to a butt-shattering fuck. They fuck and suck each other, the tides of passion rising and flooding all over them. Claudia comes over and over and she's eager for more.

Claudia loved every minute of Kip's orgasmic trip. She dug getting her ditch dug and she was so thirsty for the taste of semen that she sucked cock like it was a lollipop. But after all was unsaid but done, she began to have second thoughts. Now she tries to talk to the husband about what has happened—but the guy is so involved with his own business deals that he doesn't even hear what she's saying. So the hell with the schmuck! Claudia's gonna fuck—and fuck wherever and whenever she wants to!

(Continued on next page)

CECIL HOWARD'S

HEAT WAVE

(Continued from page 24)

believe that she'd be interested in him—but when he hears the voice of "Scratchit" urging him to find out—he soon discovers that if you just ask, it's a 50-50 chance that you'll get "YES!" for an answer!

The screen is seared at the sight of her slit as it pouts and parts, allowing the guy's randy rod to slide through her sluicy juicy entrance and wham up her womb.

Before long the chick has locked the office door, whipped off her clothes and is hungrily sucking dick. Improbable? Illogical? You never know just what'll happen if you only give in to your desires and make a move! The brunette was hungry for it all the time, and the lucky guy gets the benefit of her hot bubbling lust. She kisses the cock, sucks it up and down, tries to tickle her lungs with the mushroom cap of it, and urges every gluey gob of semen from the gushing spout. But she's not done yet. The screen is seared at the sight of her slit as it pouts and parts, allowing the guy's randy rod to slide through her sluicy juicy entrance and wham up her womb. Up and down she goes, impaling herself with glee. Then she flops on her stomach, begging for a fuck from behind. She gets it, too. The guy stands behind her as she lies across her desk and he plows her good and hard until she grunts and gasps and comes over and over.

And this is just the first scene! Another test of the testicle involves a guy who has a secret itch for a baby sitter. With his wife out of the house and the sitter all alone, he wonders if he should take advantage of the situation. "She's begging for it!" he hears his devilish "Scratchit" say. Over and over in his mind he wonders whether or not he should go ahead and let her give him head. But at last his horny thoughts are put into action. "Would you like to make it with a married man?" he suddenly blurts. "Oh! What made me say that!" he begins to apologize. But the pretty blonde chick simply says "I never tried it before—I won't know if I like it until I try it!". Well, they're off and cumming!

With slow smoldering heat the two begin to undress. The small titted pubescent blonde spreads her legs to unveil her

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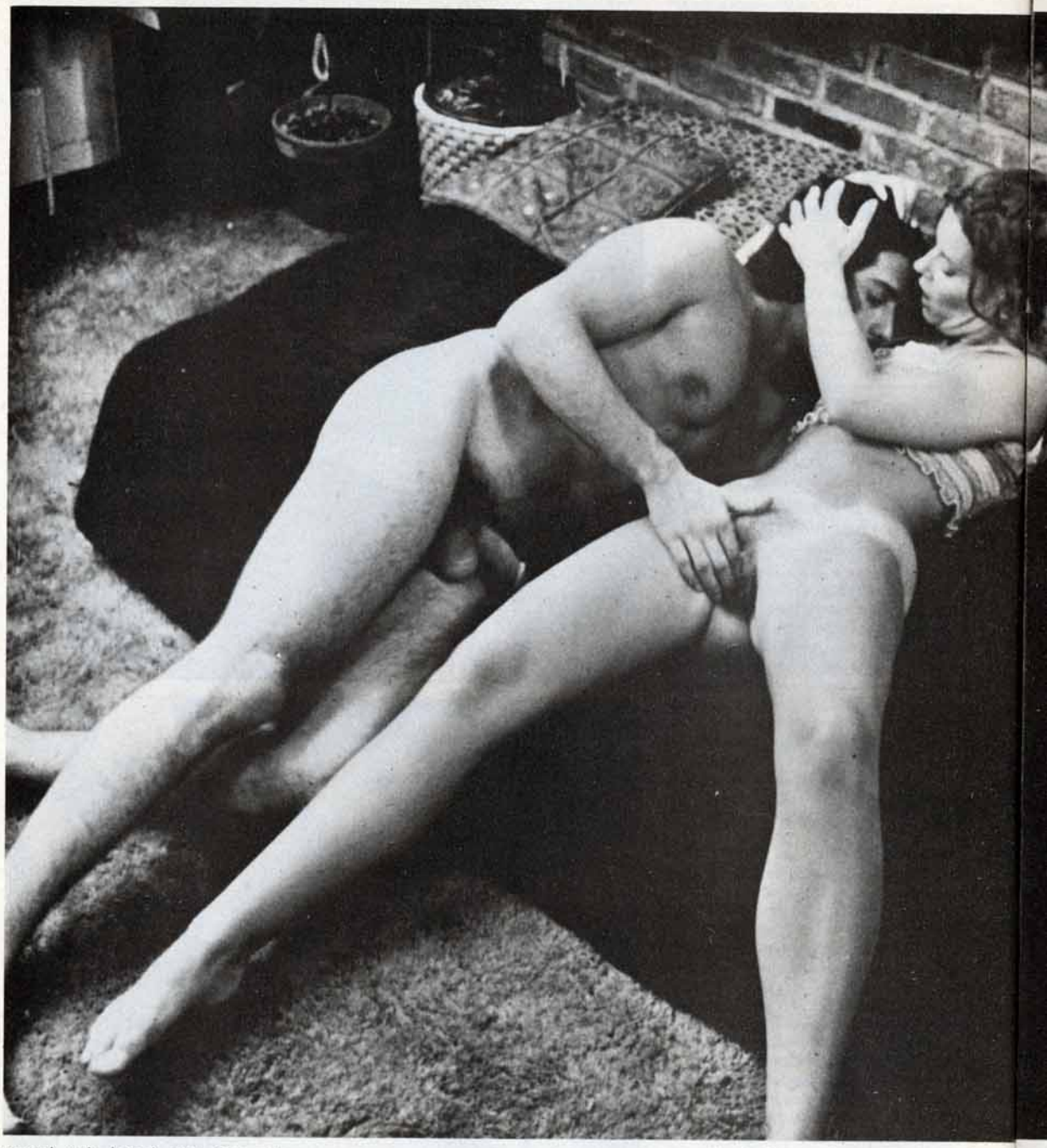


virginal curly haired cunt. She gets a thorough cunt lapping that leaves her dripping love lube. The guy snuggles into her buns and eats her some more as she dutifully dips down onto his dick to complete the 69 number. Then he hoses her down, driving his dick deep down her throat. She loves every minute of it. And he's glad he popped the question. Now he's about to pop his load. But first he samples that simmering slit.

She lies back and takes a fucking, still wearing her bobby sox. She grunts over a side-saddle crew and then takes it dogstyle as the guy jackhammers his dong deep within her. Her long blonde hair tosses in every direction as she takes the plowing. Her baby-fat butt is quivering from the treatment and she urges him to keep going harder and harder. She sprawls forward as he pulls his pud out of her poon and splashes her back with sperm. Then he crams his cock back in her cranny and is ready to come and come again.

The small titted pubescent blonde spreads her legs to unveil her curly haired cunt. She's dripping with love lube. The guy hoses her down by dumping his dick down her throat. She loves every minute of it.

"If you have an itch, scratch it!" urges Scratchit as he introduces the next episode. It's time for a little lesbian lust—and who should make a surprise appearance but one of the grand dames of gash bashes, Gloria Leonard. She's cast as a severe school mistress, a butch with short black hair who has her eye on the pert and pretty little schoolgirl Melanie, the chick sitting in the front row.

The girl is failing in her class and so Gloria begins to formulate her plan. At first she has to debate with herself—"Is she a virgin?" She wonders. But when she takes a closer look at that cutie pie high schooler, she hears her devilish inner self say "Are you kidding! Make your move—either the girl submits to some punishment or she flunks!"

The chick squeals with embarrassment as her teacher lands spank after spank on her pale pink naked fanny. The girl is forced to lie back and take the squatting woman's muff into her mouth. She's taught to tongue twat.

Gloria keeps sweet Melanie after school and doesn't beat around her bush. "You don't want to fail, do you?" she asks the young girl. "Well, there is a way to teach you a lesson. I'm going to spank you. You might like it. It's up to you. Either you get a spanking or I'll have to fail you."

It never fails—Gloria's horny mind has devised the perfect way for her to worm her way into the young woman's womb. The girl is forced to pull her dress up, exposing her baby doll cotton print panties. The chick tenses as the teacher raises a hand, and squeals in embarrassment as the mature woman lands spank after spank on her pale pink naked fanny. With her tongue lolling out of her mouth, Gloria heats up her pupil with a half a minute's worth of peppering slaps.

"Suck my nipples, Melanie," Gloria gasps, thrusting her big tits in the girl's face. The girl is too heated up to resist getting a real lesson in love from the teacher. Gloria strips down and pushes the younger girl onto her back on the table. Then she pokes the girl's poon with a pointer. "Juicy young cunt!" she smiles. The girl has her skirt up to her waist and her hairy cunt yawning wide open. After Gloria tastes the fresh juices flowing from the hemmie of this horny young heroine, she demands that the girl return the favor and taste cunt flavor.

The girl's head lops off the side of the desk and as she stares, upside-down, Gloria walks over and squats on her face. The teacher stands over the pupil, smothering her in snatch, telling her to start tonguing twat. As she grinds her gash in the girl's mouth, the young chick heats up, twisting her nubile naked body, her head nodding in the nook. With her face coated with cunt juice, the girl goes at it until they both get off with Grade-A climaxes.

The next sequence in this exhausting episodic enterprise of erotica involves superstar Susan McBain, who may be a bit static at delivering dialogue but who will make any viewer ecstatic at the way she brings home the bacon and gets plunged full of pork.

Poor Susan's air conditioner just broke down. She's feeling really hot. When a well built delivery boy comes knocking at her door, the juices start to flow in her orange hot pants and she gets the urge to be knocked up but good. Still, there is some remnant of morality in the miss, and it's up to her private demonic "Scratchit" to break the barrier. "What if I'm not his type?" she asks herself. "GO AHEAD!" the

(Continued on page 63)

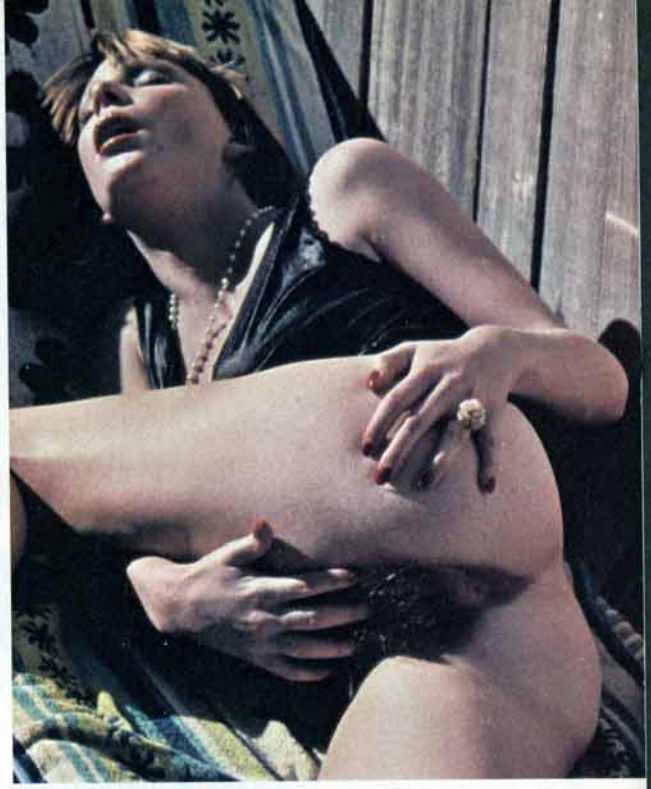
Pity the poor porn actress
who works the whole day long having her cunt penetrated long and hard
under hot lights, and seldom
in a place as comfortable as in bed. Unless she is a veritable gusher
of vag ooze, she could get dry.

SLUICING

A SINEMA SLICE

Fucking a dry pussy is hard
on both the chick and the guy, so most porn actresses, like the starlet on
these pages, keep their holes
well-lubricated either with the slickness from repeated come shots, or else
with some other handy lubricant.

THIS IS NATIONAL "THINK PINK" MONTH!



The best way to keep a puss juicy is to have her finger do the walking through the crack while camermen set up for the next shot. That's exactly what happened here. After about four come shots on her twat she's ready to get it again!

HOW I BECAME A PART-TIME PORNO ACTOR

I CAME TO THE BIG APPLE TO FIND BROADWAY STARDOM AND TURNED AN ABILITY TO SHOOT GREAT LOADS OF SPUNK INTO A BIG-DOLLAR MOVIE CAREER!

By Benny Sandusky

■ I didn't know what I was in for when I met Jack for lunch at the Burger Palace on Third Avenue and Thirty-eighth street. I hadn't been in Manhattan that long, only about five months. I had come to the Big Apple in hopes of finding immortality on the Broadway stage. So far the only thing I had found was a two-dollar-and-thirty-cent-an-hour filing clerk job that barely helped me pay my rent in the sleazy resident hotel where I was staying.

I told her when I felt the jism rising, and she sucked right up until the time I unleashed a giant spurt of liquid love which brought cheers and applause from the film crew. "Great come shot!" the director yelled.

I had a little trouble finding the place but when I got there Jack was seated and already eating. I sat down and ordered a pattie-melt. Jack asked me how I was and I replied that things had been better in my life.

"Getting a little discouraged?" he said sympathetically.

"I'll say," I replied. "I have been to a thousand auditions and not one job offer, or even a call back."

"That's the hazards of this business," he said prosaically.

I continued to complain. "And this stupid job is really getting me down. I work with all of these stupid cunts who think that sitting around the Xerox machine and talking about meat loaf is a million laughs."

"Why don't you just throw them over the copy machine and slam a little ham in their ass-holes?" he chuckled.

I considered that for a moment. "No," I said finally, "Those chicks are so dumb that they think anal penetration is a process for removing hemorrhoids. I don't think they'd get into it."

He laughed. "You're really down aren't you."

"Nothing that a little pussy wouldn't cure." I replied.

I looked up at the clock. My lunch hour was almost gone.

"I have to run Jack," I said unenthusiastically. "My boss gets mad if I'm late from my lunch hour."

Jack stopped me from getting up. "Listen," he said, "You don't really want to go back to that job do you?" I shook my head. "Then come back to the studio with me and maybe I can get you a walk on."

My eyes lit up. "Do you mean that?" I asked. I knew he had been making a lot of money lately. In fact, he seemed to be working all of the time. He said that the director was always looking for extras. The pay wasn't that good—twenty-five dollars a day—but the job was a part in the movies so I said what the hell!

As we walked down Third Avenue I had forgotten all about the dull job that I was not going back to. My heart was pounding with anxious excitement. I was really going to be in a film. "What kind of flick is it?" I asked.

I unsheathed my naked nine inches and let it dangle before her, half erect. She sat down beside me and took my rod into her petite hand. "Oh, it's so big, I don't know if I can get it all in my itsy bitsy mouth." I wanted badly to have her licking my log.

"A love story," Jack replied. "I get the girl in the end." At the time I was not aware of the irony of that statement.

We continued down to Fourteenth street where we turned into a brown skyscraper. We stopped at the desk and registered with the security guard. He looked curiously at me. "Does your boss know this guy is coming up?" he asked Jack. Jack nodded and we went to the elevator.

"Why all of the security?" I asked.

"Oh, just being careful," Jack replied. We got off at the twelfth floor and walked to the end of the hall. A secretary was sitting at a window in the wall. Jack told her who I was but she hesitated.

"I'll have to clear it with Mr. Stuart," she said picking up the phone.

"That's the director," Jack said.

In a few moments a short man with thick glasses appeared at the door. "Hello," he said, "I'm Ron Stuart." Very politely he shook my hand. "Who is your friend, Jack?"

I laid back on the couch and smiled. All of my apprehension had vanished. What a great way to make a living, I thought. The rest of the day was great. The director liked the way I shot off, so he asked me to stay around for a few more come shots and got paid extra just for shooting sperm!

Jack explained that he and I had gone to college together in Florida. He took Jack aside and spoke to him in a low voice.

"He's not a cop is he?" I heard him say. He thought I couldn't hear but he was speaking loudly enough.

"No," Jack said, "He's just an actor looking for work. Didn't you say you needed some extras this afternoon?" Mr. Stuart nodded. He walked over and started circling around me, giving me the once over.

"Do you think you can handle this kind of work?" he asked.

I told him I was ready for anything.

"Good," he replied, "The part is not that big. You play a delivery boy." He handed me a piece of paper with a few lines on it. "They don't have to be exact," he told me. "Just get the sense of the scene. He started to turn away but looked back. "Oh, by the way, how long is your cock?"

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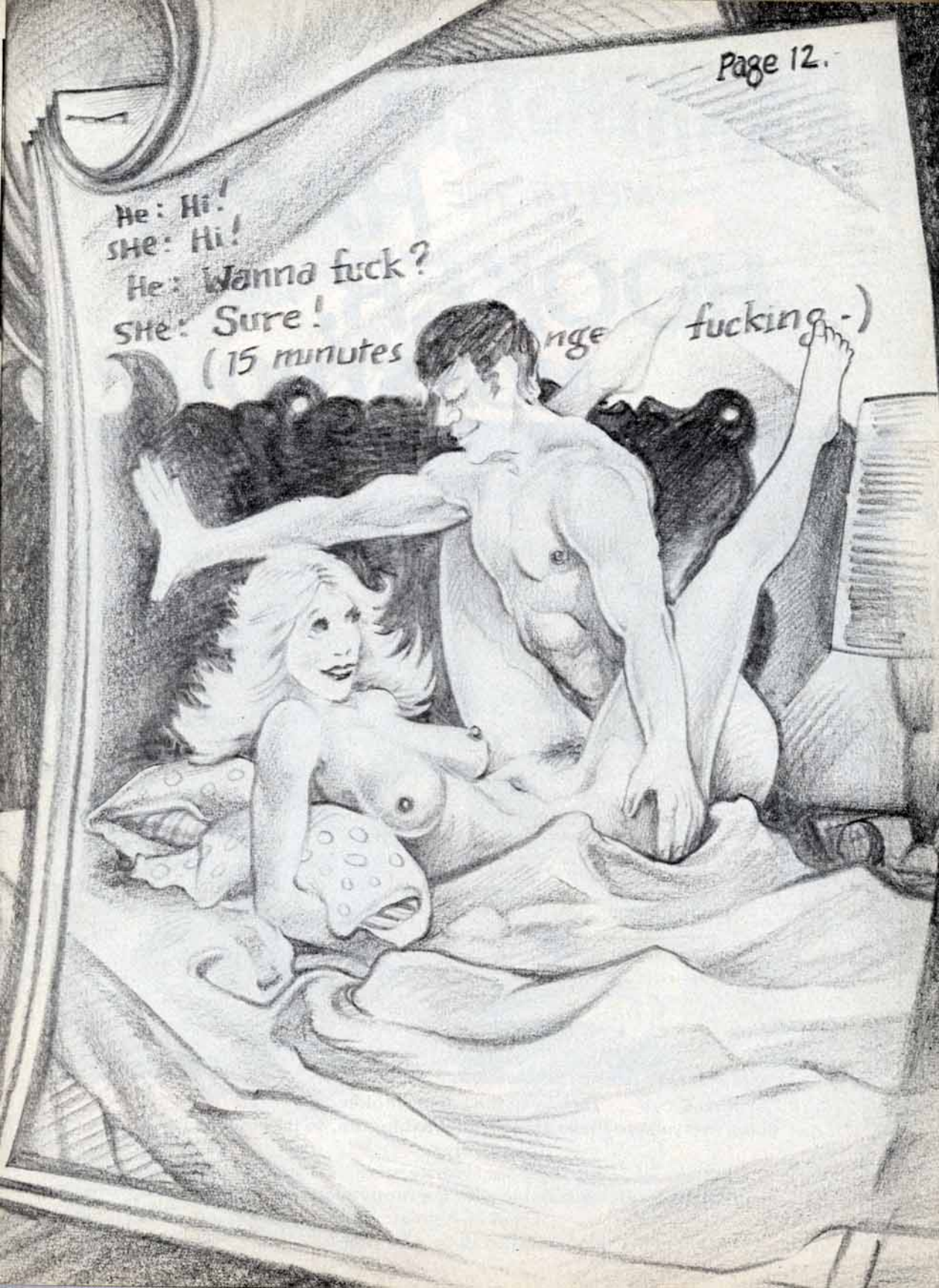
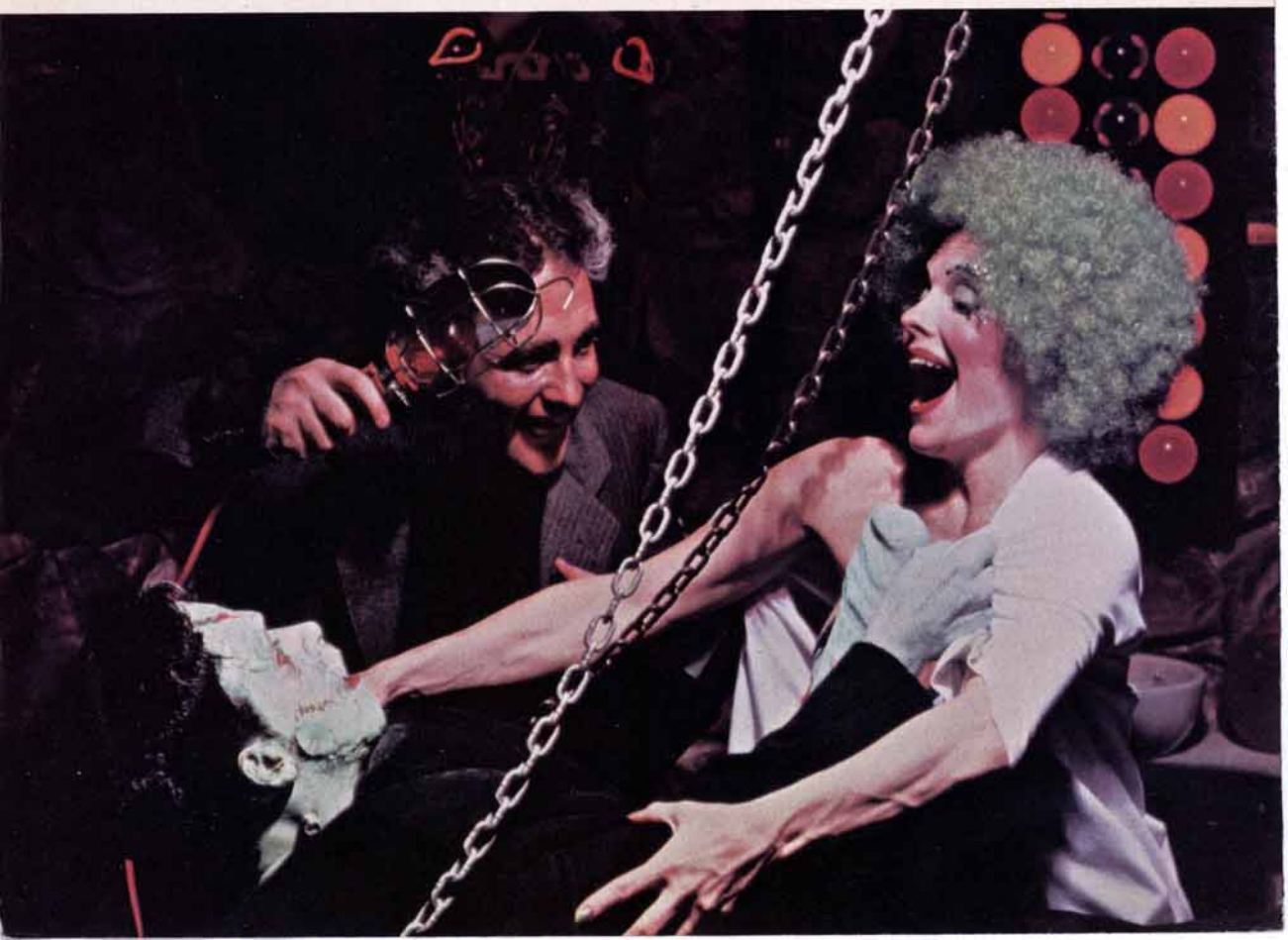
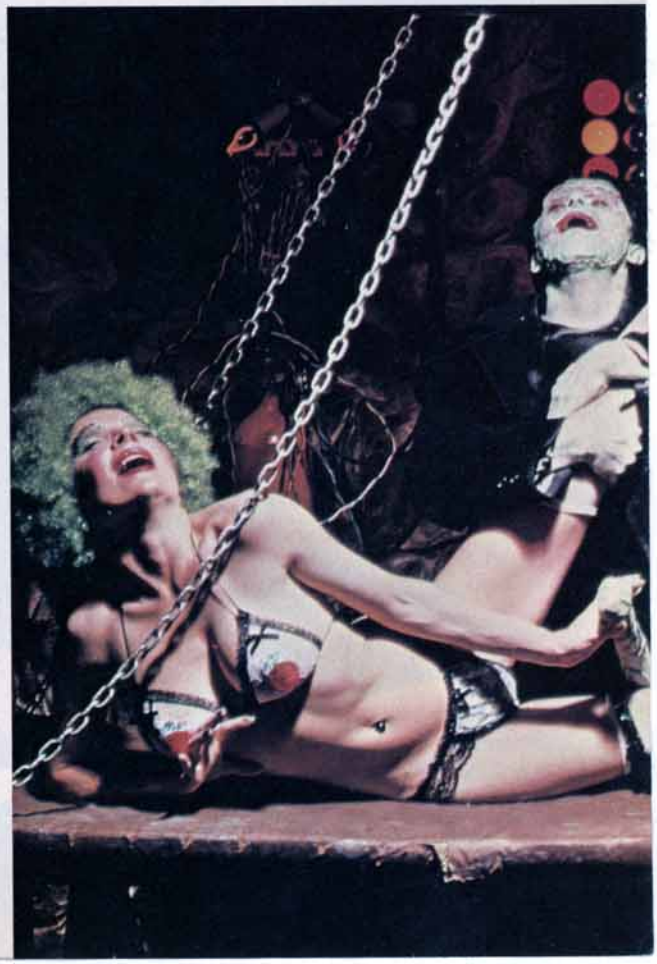

He: Hi!
She: Hi!
He: Wanna fuck?
She: Sure!
(15 minutes
fucking -)

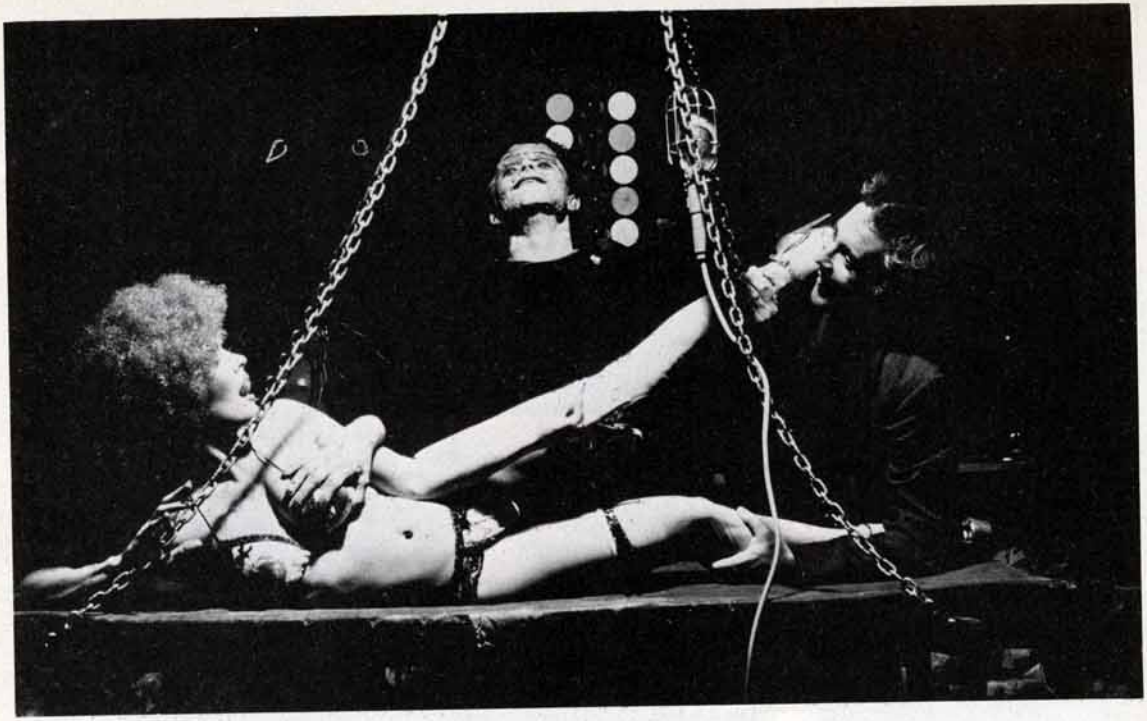
FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE HAPPY HOOKER, AND IT'S MONSTROUS!

They have the happy hooker going everywhere these days, even Washington, so it comes as no surprise to find our favorite miss in Transylvania co-starring with the monstrous star of stars: Frankenstein's Monster. But there's a catch.

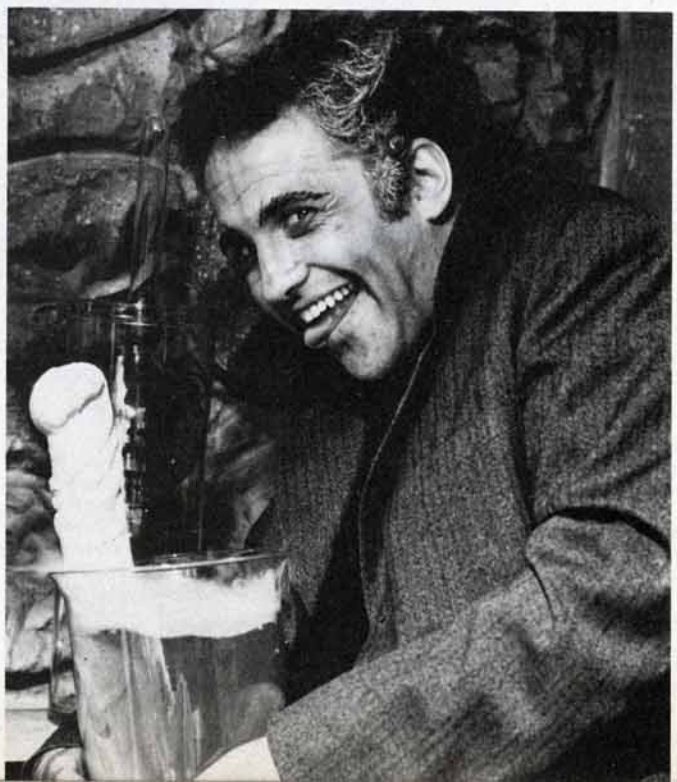




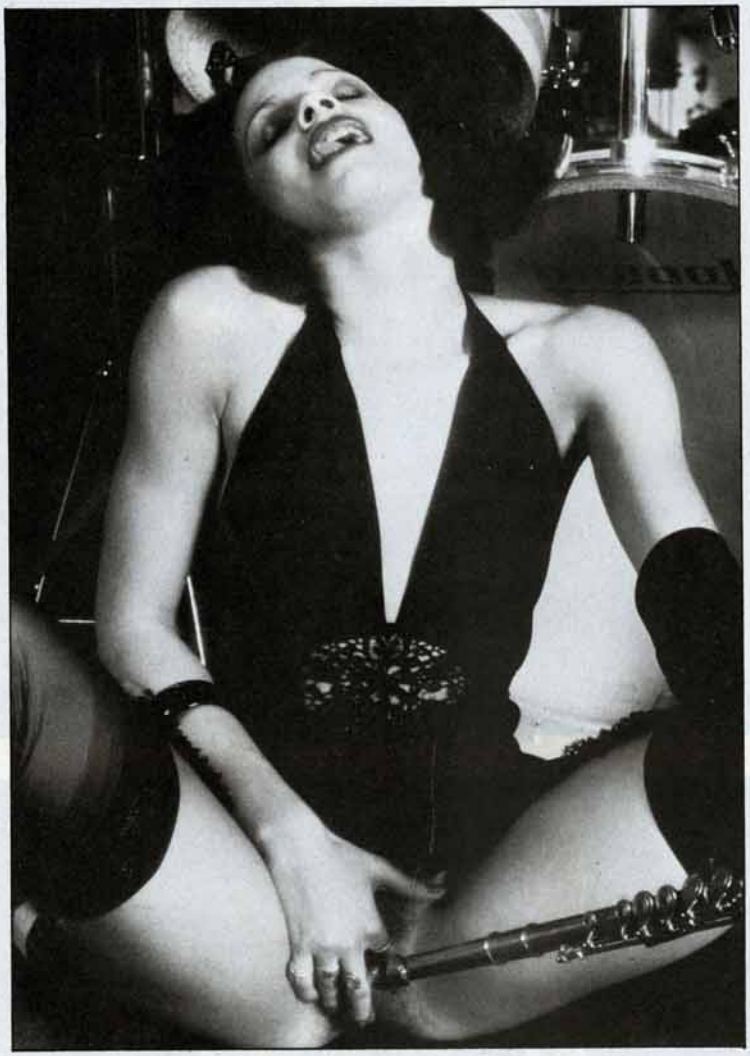
Dr. Frankenstein paid for her
services to bring the monster to life. Nothing less than feminine
knowhow would do, and her living pussy almost
did the trick, except that in the heat of monstrous penetration
the doctor's lab blew up, threatening to
cancel the film's completion.



This means you may or may not see the film at your neighborhood porn house. Would some generous movie producer come forward to underwrite this most monstrous addition to the hooker series?



GROUPIE GROPE!



By Harley Loudermilk

The Love Slaves of Rock Will Do Practically ANYTHING To Satisfy the Crapulous Caprices of Their Idols! And Love It!

■ What can I tell you? I started playing with this band. They were pretty hot stuff, great guitar player, great drummer, crazy drag-queen singer. The kind of a band that was bound to make it big in the Seventies. I am a keyboard player. That's why I have two first names. All the piano rockers have two names, Elton John, Billy Joel, Larry Lee Lewis, Tommy George Ellen Felix, they all have two first names at least. I had to have a couple of first names so I picked Chip Rick, but that's a different story. I picked these guys up when they went through my hometown and I happened to be there on a visit. I heard them and they needed a good keyboard player, so I took the job. We played out the tour and went to New York to do a gig at a place called Slutz, a little room in the deep village.

We had some good luck at Slutz. Someone heard a few of our tunes and we got a chance to cut an album and a single or two. They got good airplay because our manager knew who to bribe and we got very popular in our little downtown spot. It was nice down there. We had a small regular crowd that liked to boogie and we loved playing for them. Then one night, they showed up. The groupies, I mean.

It was a Thursday, usually a fairly dead night. We arrived to play and the place was packed with girls of all ages. There were little teenie-boppers right out of sixty-six and older ladies that looked like

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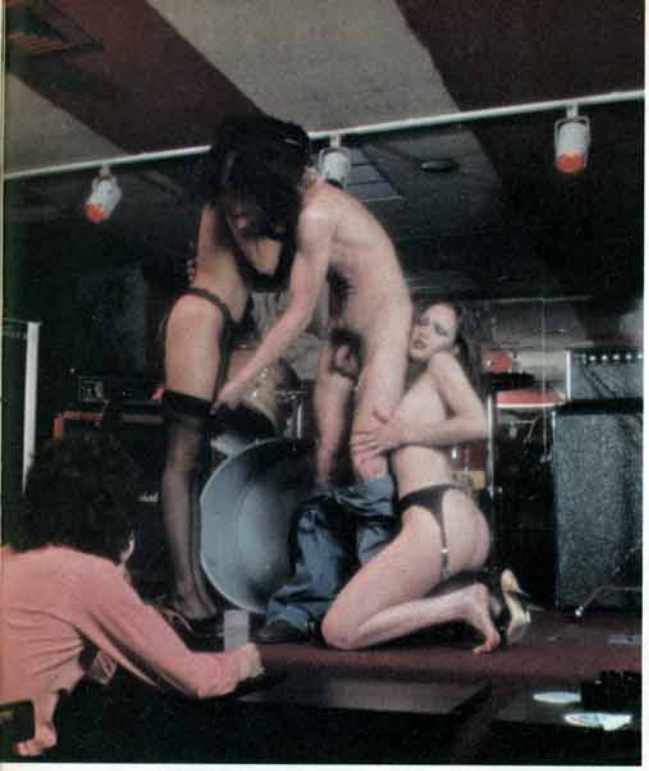
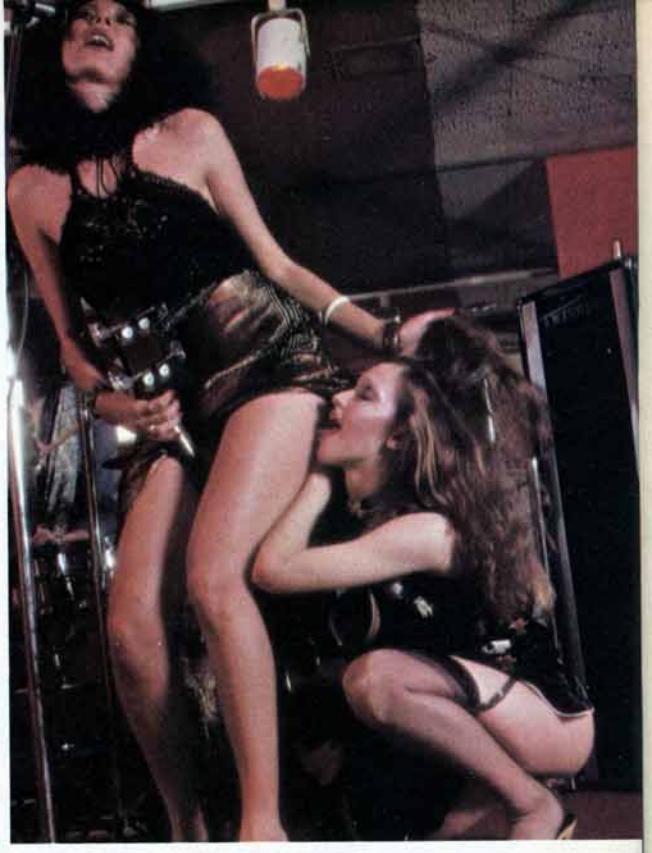
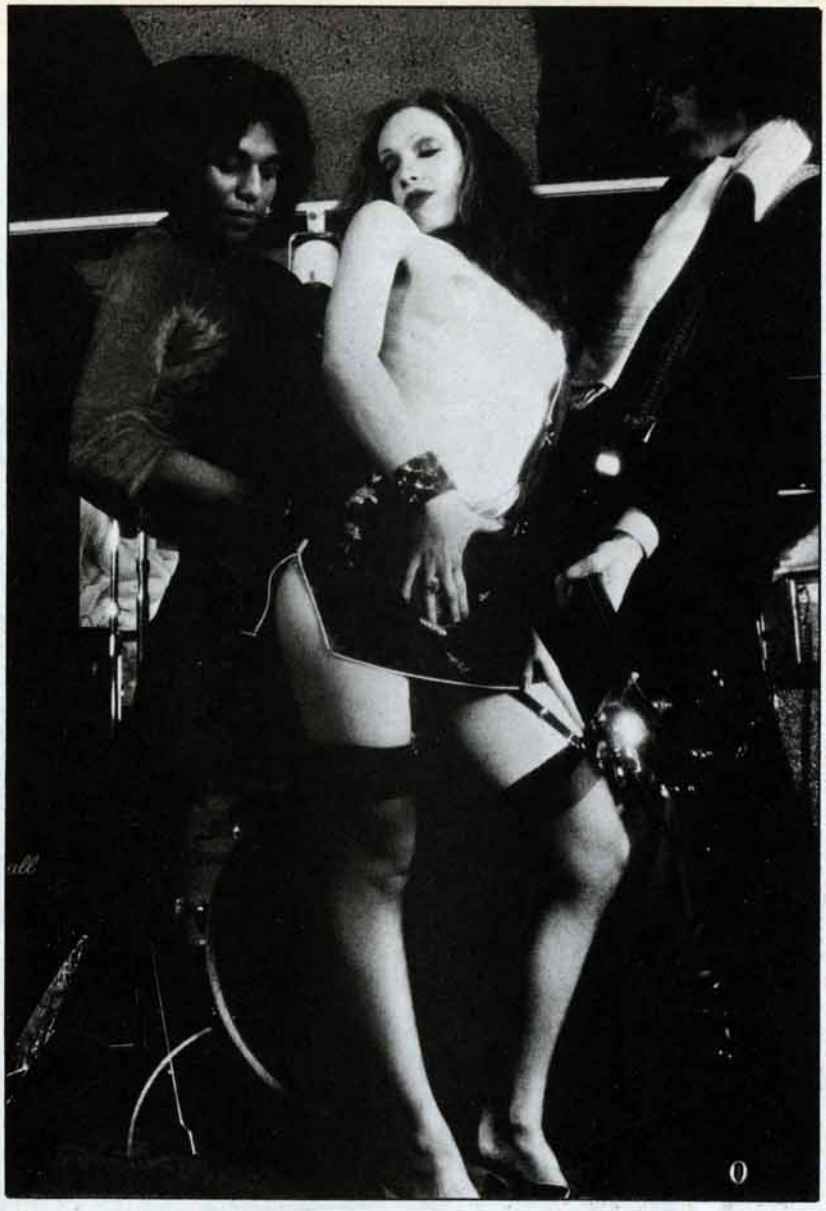


Marshall





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they might have been doing the same thing in sixty-six. All sizes, shapes, colors and varying degrees of weird, they came. When we walked in with our instruments, we were mobbed by girls. They wanted to buy us drinks. They wanted to touch us, see us, *feel* us. One funny-looking chick wanted us to spend a week with her in the Hamptons. We were freaked, to say the least. We set up and got ready to play.

Playing wasn't so bad. They didn't get up on the stage with us. They sat in their seats and cheered at the end of every song. We loved that. We played our asses off for that crowd of chicks. One girl kept trying to look up our drag-queen's dress, but she got thrown out and no one else tried anything funny until the first break.

She was sitting on my lap and playing with my dong while she told me what a great piano player I was. She bought me three drinks, gave me a couple of quaaludes and kept on soft-stroking my dick with her tiny hand.

Breaktime in a small club is rough on a band. There are no dressing rooms. You go to a table and sit with your roadies and let them take care of the crowd, but in this case, the crowd had taken care of our roadies. They could not resist the wiles of determined groupies and they had been dragged off to various places around the room where they sat with gorgeous teenagers on their laps, drinking free booze and taking free drugs that the girls gave them. They were in heaven. We were getting mobbed by ladies. They weren't the

(Continued on next page)

shy types either.

A little girl, who couldn't have been more than sixteen and who looked fourteen, attached herself to me and each member of the band had at least one girl who was picking him up if possible. I wasn't fighting it. I didn't care if we fucked them all. As as matter of fact, it seemed like a good idea to me.

I was in a trance as I played out the set. Her tongue and lips wrapped around my cock and she played with my balls as I played the music. Our drummer was in front of me, so no one else in the band could see us as she took my rod deep in her mouth. She went down on me right there on that stage.

This little lady who was with me was sitting on my lap and playing with my dong while she told me what a great piano player I was. She whispered something in my ear about after the gig and I was noncommital. I wanted to maybe find somebody a bit older and I knew that the odds were in my favor. She bought me three drinks, gave me a couple of quaaludes and kept on soft stroking my dick with her tiny hand. I felt sort of perverted, but I often feel that way in New York, so I even returned some of her caresses. I reached up under her tank top and played with her firm, young tits. They were delectable all right and the rest of her wasn't bad either. She slipped her hand down my pants and pulled on my pounding pud. I just sat there and enjoyed it until it was time to play again. I put down my drink, pocketed the quaalude and went to play the set.

About half-way through the set, I felt this hand on my crotch. I looked down into the face of my little teen queen. She was right between my legs under the organ. We were in the middle of a really hot blues number. I played my part and watched her as she took my pecker from it's hiding place in my jeans and began to vacuum it. I couldn't believe it. Here I was in front of hundreds of people getting head from a fourteen-year-old girl. I kept playing the organ and the girl played another organ, mine.

I was in a trance as I played out the set. Her tongue and lips wrapped around my cock and she played with my balls as I played the music. Our drummer was in

(Continued on page 55)

KING DONG SPEAKS ABOUT STUDHOOD!

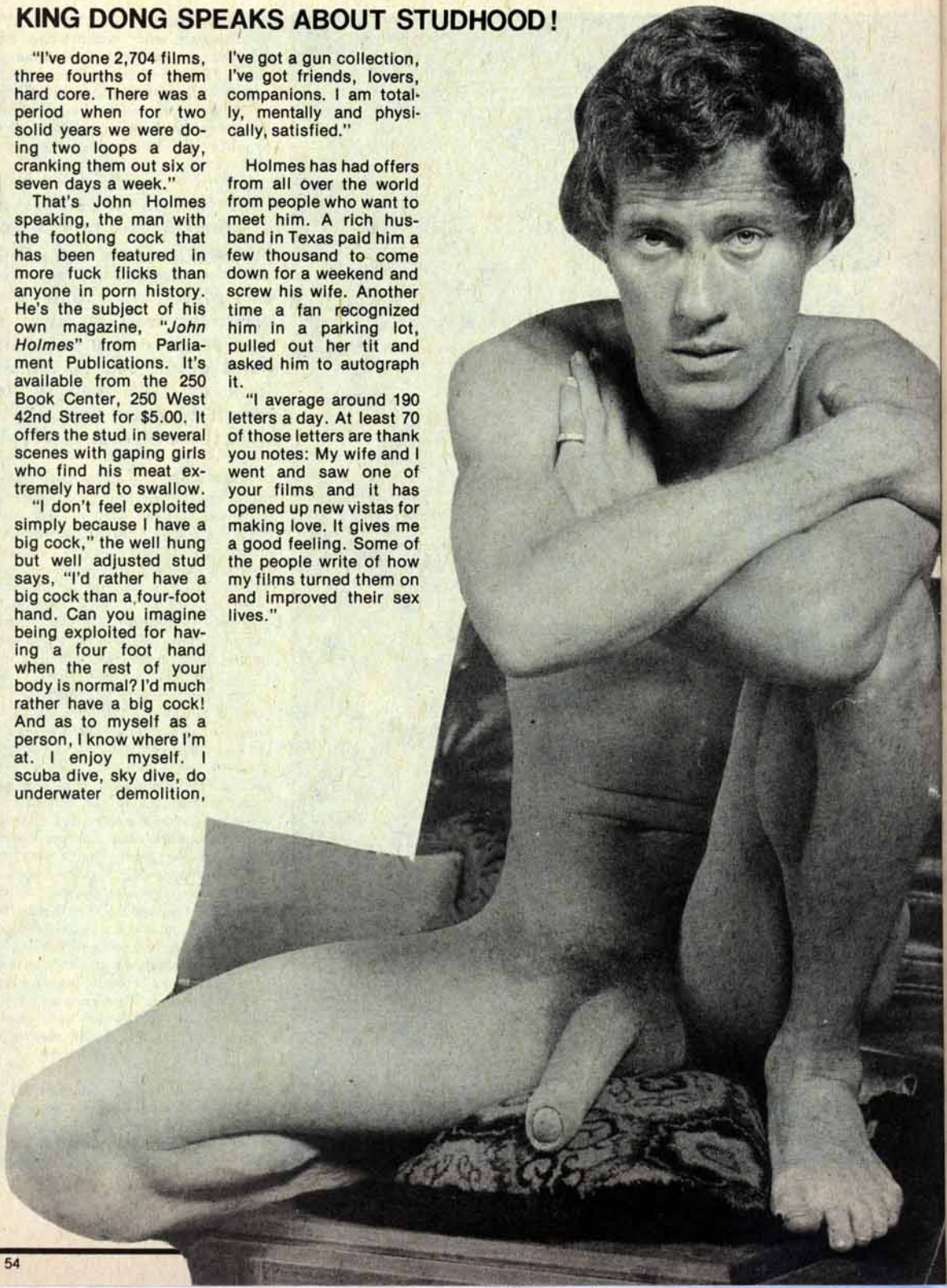
"I've done 2,704 films, three fourths of them hard core. There was a period when for two solid years we were doing two loops a day, cranking them out six or seven days a week."

That's John Holmes speaking, the man with the footlong cock that has been featured in more fuck flicks than anyone in porn history. He's the subject of his own magazine, "*John Holmes*" from Parliament Publications. It's available from the 250 Book Center, 250 West 42nd Street for $5.00. It offers the stud in several scenes with gaping girls who find his meat extremely hard to swallow.

"I don't feel exploited simply because I have a big cock," the well hung but well adjusted stud says, "I'd rather have a big cock than a four-foot hand. Can you imagine being exploited for having a four foot hand when the rest of your body is normal? I'd much rather have a big cock! And as to myself as a person, I know where I'm at. I enjoy myself. I scuba dive, sky dive, do underwater demolition, I've got a gun collection, I've got friends, lovers, companions. I am totally, mentally and physically, satisfied."

Holmes has had offers from all over the world from people who want to meet him. A rich husband in Texas paid him a few thousand to come down for a weekend and screw his wife. Another time a fan recognized him in a parking lot, pulled out her tit and asked him to autograph it.

"I average around 190 letters a day. At least 70 of those letters are thank you notes: My wife and I went and saw one of your films and it has opened up new vistas for making love. It gives me a good feeling. Some of the people write of how my films turned them on and improved their sex lives."



GROUPIE GROPE!

(Continued from page 53)

front of me, so no one else in the band could see us and she was sucking my dick in her vise-like mouth. It was cool. She took my rod deep into her mouth and took it out slowly. She jacked me off a little and put it back in her wet cave of a mouth that sucked so well. She went down on me right there on that stage. She was sucking so well that I was close to coming the whole time, but she would never quite let me get off. She was torturing me with her on and off sucking machine. She ran her fingers through my pubic hair and jacked me off and sucked me all at the same time and I knew the moment of truth had arrived. A thick stream of rock and roll sperm went down her young throat and she sat there grinning like a cat who ate the cream and jacking my dick back to a hardened state. We finished the last number and I went to get a cigarette with my little honey in tow.

She said that her name was Mary and that she had been a fan of ours for weeks, a long time in the rock world. The rest of the band had sort of caught on to what was happening when they had seen her crawl out from under the organ with come dripping off her chin. They had been wondering about my great ad-lib screams in some of the songs. Now, they knew. All five of the band members and me and our little Mary went out to our van for a quick reefer before the next set.

Joe, our drummer, pulled out a joint, but Mary had already pulled out mine and was sucking away right in front of all the guys and Carl, our drag-queen singer. Joe lit up the joint and passed it to me.I took a toke and passed it on. I wasn't going to let a teenage blow-job interfere with a perfectly good reefer. My little princess sucked on.

All the guys were grinning. We were all wondering the same thing. Just how far could we get this quaalude momma to go. We began to find out.

Joe pulled her tank top up over her head, exposing those braless, little titties. He bent down and sucked one of them into his mouth. She pressed her tits down into his mouth and shook all over. She liked it. Joe lapped at her tits, pulled at them with his lips and snapped them with his teeth. He tongued and lipped and nosed her small, firm breast as the rest of us, me included, looked on in amazement. We had never seen anything like this, but we hadn't seen nothing yet, as the saying goes.

Tom, our bass player, reached his hand under her stomach and unbuttoned her skin-tight levis. He unzipped them and pulled them down her legs to her ankles and finally, off. She lay, face down across my lap with her ass sticking right up in the air. Tom spread her legs and started eating her out from behind. He was tonguing her pussy and licking her all the way back to her asshole. He stopped and concentrated on her back door for a minute and then he went back down to her little, blond snatch and ate it some more. She was going nuts. Ziggy, our lead guitar, decided it was time for him to be heard from, so he inched under her and put his dick right in her cunt. I mean, he just slid it right under Joe's nose into her tight, young love box and stroked it. Well, this was too much for Carl, our drag-queen. He moved joe aside and took out his pecker. He reached for the guitar grease that we kept in the toolbox and rubbed her asshole with it. Leaning forward, he drove his long pole right into her ass. She didn't even look up as he drove his dick in and out of her little round brown.

The two guys in the saddle came and they dismounted to let the other guys get their turn. We were on a fifteen minute break, so we hurried. When we had all gotten our rocks off, we went back into the club and started to play some more.

We made our new groupie, we had adopted her, sit out front. She was with a bunch of good looking friends at one of the front tables. She sat there with a dreamy stare and watched us play another set. We were working hard, but every once in a while, I would catch one of the guys looking down at the table she was at and we would burst out laughing. What a trip. All of us at once. We were all looking forward to the show being over so we could get down on some of the beaver at the table with our little honey.

There was a girl who looked like an Indian, American, not India indian. She was six feet tall if she was an inch and her long, black hair flowed down her back to her small waist. She had big, firm tits, wide shoulders and hips and she looked like god's gift to fucking as she sat there in a short dress and a tank top. She wasn't wearing a bra and her nips showed through the thin cloth of the T shirt. What a piece she was. She was fondling a long cigarette holder and looking at me with smouldering eyes. I was deeply in love with her by the end of the set.

We got off stage and I went and sat by this lady of my dreams.

"You were good", she said in a low, husky whisper of a voice. "Really good. You guys sound like a cross between Alice Cooper and The Band." I supposed that she was paying us a compliment, so I said thank you and the conversation continued.

We were sitting at her table in front of the bandstand. The guys had taken little Mary out to the van for a little recreation and procreation and this lady and I sat alone at this table. I asked her what she did for a living and she told me that she was a writer for a fashion magazine of some kind and that she just loved rock musicians. I was glad to hear that. I asked her if she was busy after the snow and she told me that she was, but she said that she would get rid of the guy and come with me. I was glad to hear that too. We went to get a drink and sat at one of the empty tables in the back where there was no one around. We sat there looking into each others' eyes and getting horny for a minute and she put her hand on my leg. I was so turned on by this lady that I almost jumped out of my jeans. She rubbed my leg with her strong, red-mailed hand and smiled a smile at me that would have scorched the paint right off the wall. I put my hand on her thigh and did a little rubbing of my own.

We were close together in the back of the room now. Her hand slid it's way up my leg to my cock and she gave me a gentle handshake. I shook with pleasure. I was hot that night. I slid my hand up her dress a little way and she spread her legs a little to let me in. There is nothing better than to feel a pair of lady legs spread when you start to put your hand up her dress. It gives you all the confidence you need. I put my hand right straight up her dress and felt her hair pie because she was wearing the latest in New York underwear fashion, none. I put two fingers into her bare, sweet pussy and she smiled at me like I was her last hope to reach God or something. I was ready for anything after the episode in the van, but it was time to play and we all had to get back onstage. I sadly took my hand out of her lovely twat and went to collect the rest of my band.

I knew they were out in the van getting fucked and fucked up. I wasn't ready for the scene I found though.

The van was packed with people. Mary was spread eagled on the floor of the van. Carl had tied her up with some of the speaker wire and he was putting on a little SM show for the band and the rest of the groupies that were packed into the van. He was spanking her with Ziggy's big, wide, black guitar strap while she sucked Joe off. I had seen some sick shit with Carl around, but this took the cake. The van was filled with smoke from the reefers that they were passing around and everybody was stoned enough to try anything. When Carl picked up one of our spare guitars and advanced on Mary's red, little ass with it, I stopped it and told the guys that we had to finish the last set. They grumbled, but they all got out of the van and went inside to play. Mary pulled up her jeans and winked at me. She followed the band in and I went right behind them into the club.

We cranked up the last set and the old club began to hop. Everyone was on their feet. We played ourselves close to death and the crowd ate it up. We had never been better. We were all so stoned by this time that we had no idea in our minds except get the damn job over with and pole all that delicious hole that awaited us. We played all our fast, hard stuff and a few bluesy numbers just to get them in the

mood. Ziggy was fucking his guitar on his solos and Joe threw a drum into the crowd just to get things going. I sat back there behind my keyboards and played my fingers raw as we zipped through the set. We ended with a huge number called Harvey and the Buffalofuckers. They loved it and, when we finished, the groupies swamped the stage, trying to grab our dicks and clothes and hair and just going wild as hell right there in the club. I looked around for my lady with the long, black tresses, but she was nowhere in sight.

I was disappointed to say the least. I rode back to the hotel in the van. Not even Mary's hot mouth could make me forget my Indian lady who had taken a powder. I went to my room alone and as I opened the door, I felt this hand on my crotch.

"Mary", I said without looking, "I'm tired, do you mind if one of the ohter guys takes care of you this once. I just want to sleep". A low husky voice whispered that she was not Mary.

"And I won't take no for an answer." I spun around and there she was. My lady of back table in the flesh. She was even more beautiful in that hotel hallway. I knew that a big double bed was right behind the door. I knew that we were going to fuck each other like neither of us had ever fucked in our lives. I ripped the key out of my pocket and fumbled with the locked door while she squeezed my pecker into a stiff tubesteak that she took down her lovely throat as soon as we were inside the door.

I walked over to the bed and lay down with her latched onto my dick like a snapping turtle that doesn't let go even when it dies. Her red lipstick was all over my thick loaf, but I didn't give a damn. I took off her T shirt and played with her firm globes until I got her skirt unzipped and my head down between her long, perfectly tanned legs and into her dark-thatched hair-pie I dove.

She had a gorgeous beaver. Symmetrical, thick-lipped, pink lined, slice with a perfect clit at the top like the cherry on a hot fudge sunday. I was a good Sunday eater. I knew that you always started with the cherry. I did and she began to moan around my dick as I tickled her beautiful love switch with my long tongue. Then I stuck my tongue right into her hole and brought it out so that it hit the cherry at the top of her cunt hard. Over and over I drove my questing tongue into her love tunnel. She was sucking me off while I did this, but I was so into her beav that I couldn't keep track of what she was doing. It felt good though, I'll tell you that. I kept after her black hairy until it was dripping wet and then I kissed my way back by those lush tits to her mouth and we melted in our first kiss.

She held my love stake in her hand and put it right up her dripping secret. It slid in easily. The way had been well prepared. She pushed her hips towards me to make sure that she got it all and she fucked me with her flashing hips. I fucked her with mine. Our bodies were in perfect unison as we gave each other intense pleasure that most people can only dream about. This lady knew how to fuck. She had one finger up my asshole and with the other claw she raked my back just hard enough to hurt a little. I didn't care at this point if it hurt a lot. I abandoned myself to her and she to me as we rolled over and over on the bed, fucking and fucking and fucking some more. She put another finger in my ass as I shot a hot stream of true love into her hot hole. My hips jerked forward in that involuntary motion you only get from a truly great fuck. Your hormones take over and your hips just jerk forward to get it all in. My hips jerked so hard it felt like they dislocated. I lay atop her and she stroked my back and whispered sweet things into my ear. I was totally happy and content to lie right there for a while, but my lady had different ideas.

She rolled me off of her and kissed her way down to my limp love stick.

"I love your cock," she said.

"You do"? I asked somewhat stupidly. I guess other girls had said the same thing to me, but I was always surprised to hear stuff like that. "Why"? I asked.

"Well," she said, "I know that you have it right behind that big keyboard ev ight and I like to suck it and play th it because I know that you'll be an album or famous some day. I like that feeling. It's like for posterity or something". Well, I asked. I leaned back and let her do her bit for posterity.

I put my hands up behind my head and watched her go down on my pork. The old tool was completely limp. It had seen a lot of service lately, but she soon resurrected my old Lazerus and she got down to almost sucking. She ate me with vigor, her lovely mouth sliding up and down my shaft. I watched it go in and out of her mouth

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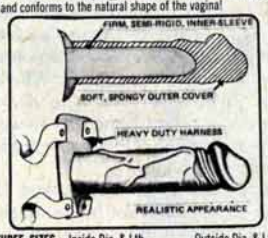

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with pleasure as she tried to get me to spew another love load into her mouth. She pulled her hair back to give me a better look and sucked on and on. I petted her hair and, before too long, gave her what she wanted. She sucked me even after I had come and she used her fingers in a tight grip to be sure that she got the last drop. She stayed the night and damn near wore me out, but I hung in there.

Well, that was the first night the groupies showed up, but it was far from the last. They are there every night now. There are more than we can handle and we have started sending them to our friends to do their bit for posterity. My raven lady comes back every once in a while for one of her epic fucks, but when she's not there, I still have Mary and all her friends who are very loose, to say the least. The band had never been better and our manager has bribed someone to come hear us from RCA. Just a few more bribes and kickbacks and we'll be at the top. I hear its great there. I don't know how things can get any better. Take care. ●

PART-TIME PORNO ACTOR

(Continued from page 38)

My mouth fell open. He was looking at me expectantly as if he wanted an immediate answer. I had said I was ready for anything, but that statement caught me off guard.

"Tell him," Jack urged me.

"Uh, eight or nine inches," I stuttered, barely getting the words out.

"Hard or soft?" he asked.

"Hard," I replied.

"Oh well, I guess you'll do."

He walked around the corner, leaving Jack and I in the reception area. I grabbed Jack by the collar and threatened him physically. "What have you gotten me into?" I said angrily.

"Didn't you know?" he laughed. "I've been making pornographic movies." He could tell by my face that I hadn't heard a thing about his blue movie career. We hadn't seen each other in more than two years before I got to New York. When he told me he had been making movies, I assumed he meant straight films.

"Listen," he said, "If you want out you can leave right now and I'll tell Stuart that you have a prostate infection."

I thought for a moment. I could go back to my job and make up some excuse for being late. The thought of returning to the dull office, did not thrill me any more than staying to make the blue movie. "What do I have to do?" I asked nervously.

"Just say those lines and maybe get a blow job," he replied nonchalantly. "You can handle it."

"All right, all right," I said. I was scared as hell. I'd never even been to an orgy, much less fucking in front of the camera. I looked at the lines on the paper. From what I could tell, the delivery boy just brought in a sandwich, got his blow job and then left. I hoped as we rounded the corner into the studio that my dick would get hard when the time came.

The film, tentatively titled "Virgin Busters", was set in a Manhattan apartment. The set was decorated like a fancy upper Eastside flat. The story is about a cock-teasing little rich girl who refuses to give up her virginity. She does, however, give great head and excellent hand jobs. Still, she balks at the moment of truth until she meets the main meat, played by my buddy Jack.

Apparently the production company had not done any filming that morning. But the first few scenes had been rehearsed and the director was running around calling out: "All right, everyone on stage for that lezzie love scene." Nobody responded. "Damn it where are those lezzies?" Three chicks entered from the make-shift dressing rooms. They had on leather clothing and all three of them were sexy as hell. I felt a little tingle in my joint.

'All right," the director said, "Little miss sugar clit (that is how he referred to the leading virgin lady) has just been to a gay bar where she has picked up three gorgeous dykes. She tries to tease them but the dykes don't let her get away with it." He started talking to the girls. "Now do it just like we rehearsed it this morning. Tie her up, tear her clothes off and then start working on her."

One of the girls playing a dyke raised her hand. "I thought you said not to tie her up."

The director thought for a moment and then remembered that he had cut the part where they tie her up. He called for places and the actresses started doing their thing. "Roll em," he shouted.

The lights went up and the actresses entered. One of the dykes, a blonde girl with huge tits, did most of the talking to the girl who was playing the title role. And she did look like a virgin! She had a petite body with well rounded breasts that were full but not large. Her ass was sweet and curvy. She wasn't big, but she was well proportioned.

The blonde girl started talking to her about how love between two women is more pure and exciting than any other kind of love. Little miss virgin batted her long eyelashes and acted like she didn't know what the blonde was talking about. "I'm not that kind of girl," she said with her large, innocent blue eyes open wide.

The blonde started strutting around the room. "Do you hear that girls? This little chicken comes onto our territory, picks us up and then tells us she ain't that kind of girl. Well, honey," she said grabbing her hair and pulling her head back, "We're going to make you that kind of girl."

She planted her lips on the virgin's mouth and started running her tongue in and out of her lips. The other two girls moved down and began to strip the virgin, first taking off her dress, leaving her in her panties. The tallest chick, a lusty redhead, bent her head down and started licking the virgin's nipples. The remaining girl, a plump brunette, tore off the virgin's panties and began to lick the insides of her thighs.

Well, it was obvious that the virgin was getting what she had wanted all along. The girl was playing it beautifully. She tore open the blonde's blouse and began licking at her huge pink nipples. The rest of the scene was a classic.

The virgin began to take over, directing the other chicks, telling them to do everything to her. She commanded the two dark haired girls to sixty-nine it while she and the blonde watched. The blonde became hotter as the baby doll virgin sucked on her huge nipples. The blonde returned the favor by squeezing the virgin's little budding boobies. They were locked in a lascivious embrace when the virgin told the blonde to lie back on the couch.

I don't have to elaborate on how hard my rigid dick was pounding. Lezzie love had always been one of my fantasies, but to have it right there in front of me, live and in color! My pulsating ream rod was aching for action.

"I've never eaten a woman's pussy before," she said in a throaty growl, "But I'm going to eat yours."

"Do it now,' the blonde gasped, pulling her legs wide apart. With her fingers she parted the lips of her cunt so that the camera could capture the precious pinkness of her moist crevice, which glistened behind the furry golden mound.

The virgin started kissing the blonde's stomach, as if to tease her. The blonde looked down at her and spoke. "You teasing little bitch, eat my fucking pussy now."

The virgin fell on the curly bush and munched it with a feverish intensity seldom seen on celluloid. The blonde's cunt was really dripping hot pussy milk. The virgin inserted fingers in her ass and cunt, and in a few moments a true orgasm was captured on color film. The director yelled "cut" and they set up to finish the scene. An impressive display of lezzie acrobatics followed.

All three girls began to work on the virgin again. First, the blonde ate her mound until she was screaming for her to stop. Then, they put her in dog position and took turns eating and fingering her from behind. Finally, the plump girl strapped on a fake dick and started to penetrate the virgin's pussy.

When the virgin felt the fake dick on her hairy crest, she shouted: "No, not in my pussy, in my ass, in my ass." The director yelled "cut" and he made her do the line

over and over until she said it convincingly. Finally the proper penetration of her bung hole was achieved, and the scene was over.

Well, I don't have to elaborate on how hard my rigid dick was pounding. Lezzie love had always been one of my fantasies, but to have it right there in front of me, live and in color! My pulsating ream rod was aching for action.

The director and the crew were moving around the set, rearranging the furniture and picking up the debris from the lez down. Then, he started yelling out, "Everyone get ready for the delivery boy scene." When he called out my name and asked if I was ready, I nodded. I was about to shit in my pants I was so scared.

The scene was simple. I deliver a sandwich and when the cock teasing little virgin doesn't have the money to pay me, she offers a blow job for remuneration. I was scared shitless because I didn't even know if my rod would get hard again. As soon as I was confronted with the reality of the scene, my proud peter got bashfully limp. And hell, for all I knew they wouldn't pay you if your willy went soft.

I stood outside the door of the set feeling the lights come up, hot and bright on my skin. As I waited for my entrance cue, the last thing on my mind was stripping down and getting blown in front of all these people. Well, when I finally entered on the set, I forgot all about the people who were watching.

The director yelled "action" and I knocked at the door. The sweet girl who was playing the virgin came to the door from the bath tub, dressed only in a skimpy towel. I did not know it until I saw the flick, but I was interrupting a masturbation scene in which she works out her clit with a cordless, electric toothbrush. That scene had been filmed the day before.

The door opened and I played it real cool, trying not to look at the pubescent beauty before me. (Although the girl who played the virgin looked about thirteen years old, she was actually twenty-one). "Pastrami on Rye with mustard and Swiss?" I said casually. My pecker was tingling a little as I looked at her.

She played it beautifully, noticing that I was trying not to be obvious. Moving around the room, she looked for her purse. She told me to come in and as she looked for her money, she let the towel fall and rise so that I saw her beautiful button ass and her tennis ball boobies. My meat was being provoked by this twat!

"Oh golly," she said innocently, "I don't have any money and I'm so hungry. What can I give you for the sandwich?"

I shrugged and said my line: "Come down and pay me later," I said winking. "I'll take care of the bill."

She smiled and moved toward me. "Now we can't have you leaving empty handed." she smiled. My dick began to grow in spite of all the cameras, crew and actresses. All of that went from my mind as I thought only of her beautiful lips riding up and down on my stiff love mallet.

The virgin took off her towel and told me to sit on the couch. She started dancing around for me, posing with her cheeks spread so that I could see her marvelous mons and reamable rectum. "Do you like my ass and my titties?" she adlibbed. I nodded and she saw the lump in my jeans.

"Do you want to fuck my pussy?" she sighed. I nodded again and she shook her head. "I can't let you have it, I'm a virgin you see." I looked angrily at her and spoke my line. "So, a cock-teaser," I rasped. Olivier would have been proud of me.

She grinned widely. "Pull out your love lollipop and I'll suck it for you."

I unsheathed my naked nine inches and let it dangle before her, half erect. She sat down beside me and took my rod into her petite hand. "Oh, it's so big, I don't know if I can get it all in my itsy bitsy mouth." I wanted badly to have her licking my log.

With the deftness of a pro she gobbled up all of the meat. The camera men jockeyed for position as she sucked and sucked. Her lips and tongue worked mouth magic on my stab stake. I told her when I felt the jism rising and she sucked right up until the time I unleashed a giant spurt of liquid love, which brought cheers and applause from the crew. "Great come shot," the director yelled.

I laid back on the couch and smiled. All of my apprehension had vanished. What a great way to make a living, I thought. The rest of the day was great. The director liked the way I shot off, so he asked me to stay around for a few more come shots. I also got to fuck one of the lezzies in an orgy scene when one of the other actors came down with prostate trouble.

I didn't just stop there. Now I have an agent and two more small roles under my belt, literally. And with my great come shots I often get paid for just shooting sperm. Now when my friends ask what I'm doing I tell them and they say: "How did you get into that?"

"Just lucky," I reply. ●

FILMS

(Continued from page 17)

fly through the air with the greatest of sleaze. A creditable porn flick indeed.

Sex on the Beach, Film No. 5, is even better. At first we see a young couple lounging on the beach, half asleep. The girl happens to look up and notice another couple walking by. These two are stark naked, the guy with his hand in the girl's crotch. As they stroll close by the surf, the platinum blonde plays with her man's cock till it's bobbing up and down stiffly.

The young girl watches the sensuous couple, getting itchy. She slips her bathing suit top down to play with her own big boobs. And then, pulling the crotch of her bikini aside, she masturbates frantically. She wishes her boyfriend would wake up and service her, but he's asleep in the sand.

The two nudes notice the titillating lone masturbator, and they head on over to get a better look. While the man quickly gives her a cock to replace her frigging finger, the platinum blonde jumps on the sleeping husband and before long a happy foursome are fucking and frolicking in assorted positions in the sand.

The huge boobed blonde sucks her young man's stiff and then sits on his cock, shaking her ass in all directions, going animal on top of him with urgent impaling exercises. Her spongy boobs shake as she shimmies, she thrusts her ass down the shaft to the guy's balls as he lounges back to play with her bobbing boobs. Meanwhile, across the way the other couple takes turns eating each other out and fucking up a storm. The camera zooms in and out, back and forth and catches every steaming second with fine closeups and lewd long-shots.

Across the way another couple takes turns eating each other out and fucking up a storm. The camera zooms in and out, back and forth and catches every steaming second with fine closeups and lewd long-shots.

The varied positions and the energetic couplings lead to some cunning cumming climaxes. Exhausted at last after banging boxes and spewing the sperm, the guys and gals let it all hang out, lounging in the sun. A fully clothed tourist happens to walk by—and all four naked people jump out at him as he cries out in surprise—and falls headfirst into the surf.

Light touches of comedy are in evidence in "School Report," Film No. 6 from Continental. Once again there are two couples performing, but this time the girls are extremely young. Their full boobs and sensuous sucking indicate they are experienced girls of at least eighteen years. But their baby faces and shaved beavers make them seem school girls not more than thirteen!

The film begins with the two pony tailed fillies walking to class. In starched white dresses complete with little hats and ankle length socks, they look the model of innocent girls on their way to school.

Once in the classroom, the two girls listen attentively to their handsome teacher. But the other member of the class, a young man, throws a tomato

which splashes against the blackboard. The teacher isn't sure who threw it, the girls or the guy. The two males tussle, and when the girls get too close, one of them is pushed and her blouse flies open.

When the teacher takes a good look at those beautiful big boobies, it's agreed that fucking is better than fighting! The foursome strip down and before one nubile blonde can get her panties down, she's on her knees sucking a cock, the guy holding onto her ponytails as he pulls her up and down his stiff.

The blackboard is removed from the wall and placed across the students' desks. And then (after taking time to erase the chalk marks!) the girls lie down and the men plunge on top of them. After squeezing soft expanses of pale marshmallowy tit, the teacher takes his pleasure down below. Superb closeups show the girl's shaved beaver, her cuntlips gently pulled apart and licked up for entry.

Meanwhile, the other couple are fucking frenetically, and as the camera pans from one to the other, the group grope and grind in a whole textbook of positions. One girl sits on cock while the other takes it lying down. One girl leans over and lets her boobs hang within reach of tongue and teeth. The other girl gets plugged dogstyle. One girl takes a hot cock between her tits. The other finds her ass covered with cum. And so it goes with fine closeups and appealing long shots as the film finally ends—the cock on the wall striking noon—and it's time to dress and go on to the next class!

After a solid enough first film, and really excellent prick tickling porn in the middle frames, one would assume the Continental Classics series would end with a real bang. But alas, No. 10 in the series strikes out, the tasteless last licks being not a bang, but a wimpy whimper.

What 1950s nostalgia this flick is—a pic as artlessly made and boring as any stag cheapie of two decades ago. Only the color is decent and the film is in focus.

A plain looking redhead with a little tire around her gut, a fat slab of ass and ordinary boobs that are stuck on her chest like grapefruits glued to a sofa seat, goes through her paces—or rather limps through the fairly softcore slop.

The couple is seen first wandering through some unidentified Danish town, slobbering each other with mashed-mouth kissing. After this two minute travelogue, the two liver-lipped lovers amble back home. Navigating the broad to the couch, the guy manages to tug her skirt off and lie on top of her, once more slobbering, hugging and otherwise lounging on top of this wasted wad of womanhood. The girl, with her big stooped shoulders and nothing face,

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resembles a man in drag. And her emotionless response further drags the film down as the tedium increases.

Finally they rouse themselves enough to try some fucking and sucking. The camera man seems to have gone to sleep, as the action remains mostly in longshots, one body colliding with the other in a few halfhearted positions. And on and on it goes as the couple hang on to one another and move back and forth in what most of the time looks like simulation. Once in the broad's rump, or standing around for a minor league licking.

At the end of this miserable waste of celluloid, the guy pulls out and miserly drops two blobs of cum onto the woman's pubic hair. If he had to watch this incredibly dull exercise, he wouldn't have come at all. The woman lies there and rubs the cum aimlessly around her stomach with her finger. (She sports brown nail polish, which may indicate what she prefers rubbing her finger into.)

Remember, folks, even decent companies, like Continental, can stick you with a bomb. Even if a film turns out badly, they'll put it on the market anyway. You can't always judge a pornie by the picture on the cover. At least, at $20 a shot for an 8mm 200 foot color reel, it can be quite a costly way to proceed.

The legality and availability of 8mm porn, both in sex shops and by mail, is a thorny problem. Some material is legal, some quasi-legal, some illegal and the rules change from day to day. Kinematics, 708 7th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 is a mail order firm that will answer any queries on the subject. ●

(Continued from page 23)

wardrobe. But the call girl is soon calling out for Claudia, who can turn on both men and women with her horny eagerness.

There is an immediate carnal chemistry between the two girls. As the two women size up each other's bulging bodies, they almost instantaneously come to the same decision. They reach out into each other's arms and gently navigate to the couch where they'll begin one of the hottest lez scenes in recent memory. The girls don't need to be coaxed into cohabitation, but neither are they dippy dykes with the perpetual hots. The're just two women who have suddenly, wordlessly discovered a new way to have some fun. They both want to explore every erotic opportunity.

The whore is right at Claudia's crotch, lovingly licking at the delicately carved cranny. She buries her face in the wet-juiced muff and Claudia closes her legs and smothers the chick with her heat. When the girl comes up for air, they assume the 69 position and both feast their faces in the furry folds of their femininity. Hardly a word or even a groan mars their kissing and slurping as they dive headlong into each other's holes.

Claudia takes her turn, tonguing and tickling the trollop's trench and she really gets into it. Finally the horny whore goes whole hog. She buries her face into Claudia's ass crack and madly munches on the mounds of her chubby cheeks. Then she sucks and licks at Claudia's puckered brown anus, coating it with saliva. She buries her face in the ass, licking Claudia's shimmering asshole, gently nibbling at the hanging cuntlips a little farther down. She licks and sucks at every cranny, spreading Claudia's cheeks and continuing to kiss ass, heartily and passionately playing with the little wet hole, cleaning it and treating it as though it was a chocolate sundae to be savored and sucked up drop by drop. The whore just can't get enough of this woman's ass! She kisses and carresses Claudia's fanny until both of them are shivering from their powerful orgasms. They end up facing each other, giving each other wet kisses.

Following this sensational scene is another surprise standout—only this time it's comedy relief. Claudia, now a full-fledged fucker with clients of her own encounters a customer with a very strange request. The little bald-headed man leads her to the kitchen of her apartment. He tosses a dinner cloth on the kitchen table and forces Claudia to strip and lie down flat on her back. The guy stares hungrily at the naked girl stretched out on the table before him.

The man grins as he strips out of his clothes. Cladia gasps in amazement as the guy goes into the refrigerator and takes out a can of whipped cream, a jar of cherries and a bottle of chocolate syrup. He arranges these items on the table like a surgeon. Licking his lips, he squirts the whipped cream all over Claudia's body, swirling the stuff onto her boobs, shaking it down her legs and dabbing some into her navel. He places a cherry on each nipple and tickles her with handfuls of chocolate sprinkles. Both of them are now laughing hysterically, excited and turned on by the game.

One of the reasons this is such a great scene (aside from the hardcore and the invention) is that it is so positive. Sex is presented as fun, as healthy, and even if it might at times be kinky, this too should be accepted with sensuous spirit. They guy calls "Open up!" as he stuffs the whipped cream nozzle into her nook. He douses her with whipped cream and then rubs his face into her sweet cunt. He eats her out energetically as Claudia urges him on, hot and happy.

Finally it's time for the finale. The guy takes the chocolate syrup and oozes it all over his cock. Then he dumps his chocolate covered cock into Claudia's mouth and she laps it up, sucking and sucking as the cock gets harder and pinker, sucked clean. The gash gourmet pulls his pud out and decorates Claudia's face and neck with sticky sperm. The crazed carnal couple have enjoyed every minute of the action.

Claudia licks a slow trail across the guy's body. She slurps and sucks at his wet stiff stick, ever so slowly lapping at the length and dipping her mouth down on the dork. She savors every bit of it.

Claudia begins to think that being a whore is all fun and games—but then she finds that some of the games are a little too much for her. For some reason she gets turned off by the young man who shows up in a green dress, makes her lie naked on a sheet of plastic, and then demands further weird acts. Claudia just closes the door and heads for home. She's had her fling. She was plowed good and hard by Kip the tennis player. She had her cunt seared by the fireplace fuck. She got herself banged silly all through the film and got her asshole cleaned by an eager female tongue.

Claudia returns to her mansion and quietly walks up the stairs to the bedroom. Maybe now that she's gotten her juices flowing she can communicate some of her lust to her apparently dead-headed hubby. But as Claudia creeps up the stairs the camera flashes shots of her husband—and he's in bed plowing his cock into the willing ass of his partner. Claudia opens the door of the bedroom and gasps in amazement—her husband isn't such a sexual deadbeat after all! "Oh no!" the guy cries out—"I didn't expect you back soon!"

The camera pans back to show that the ass he had been fucking belonged to none other than Kip! ●

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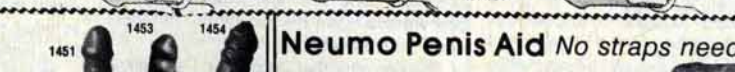

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"SALO,"

(Continued from page 15)

luck would have it I was ticketed next to a stunningly beautiful girl with deep sincere eyes, lovely translucent skin, dirty-blonde hair, a swimmer's body, nice tits, willowly legs, a *gorgeous* ass. I had seen her earlier in the lobby and wondered fitfully whether I should go over to her, as she stood next to a pillar, and introduce myself. However, the concert was about to begin and I figured she was waiting for her boyfriend, so I took the escalator upstairs to the concert and tried to put her out of my mind. Fat chance!

I knew my luck had changed when I found myself sitting next to her, and all through the concert I tried to keep my mind on the act but my eyes and thoughts gravitated to her desirable presence, her sumptuous womanflesh, jiggling and shaking to the soft rock music. It was too much! After a while, however, I noticed she was paying some attention to me as well. When her glances and smiles became more frequent, I spread my legs so that my thigh touched hers. She did not move, and after a few moments pressed against her like that I knew I had a *live* one and that I might be able to get her to come home with me.

To make a long story short, that's exactly what happened. Getting her was like an erotic dream come true, but like many such dreams not everything worked out as planned. She was on the rag, but horny, nevertheless, so after some fabulous foreplay in my bed we got to the point where I wanted to stick it in.She was embarrassed because of the blood so I suggested that I fuck her up the ass, while she diddled with her clit. More often than not, chicks seem to like to masturbate to regulate the quality of their orgasms anyway. Turned out we both loved the idea! Hell, the ass is a tighter sleave anyway and as clean as a pussy, the rectum usually is empty and once you are past the two muscular rings of the ass you are in and home free.

It didn't work out so well in our case, however. First of all, I have a big cock. It's nine inches, but *worse* from the standpoint of assfucking, my cock is cone-shaped so that the base is so thick you can hardly get your hand around it. My one hand is large enough to cover ten keys at the keyboard, so you get some idea of what I mean by big. I got my dick in by working it into her ass very slowly. There is an art to assfucking. The guy must be patient and the chick must relax, or else the whole experience is a painful nightmare.

It took me more than 35 minutes to work it in, but I did get it all the way in wedged right up there. All the while she was whimpering and groaning. She was tearing at her tampon. There was blood and juice everywhere, but she backed her ass up on my cock with her fingers pressed around the area of her clit. It was the kind of warm, wet, vital raunchy sexual experience that gives you a hardon to just think back about it. Everything smelled of sex, and it smelled *good*. Sodomy is when you stick it in and the chick screams for more in-and-out penetration so that she connects to her sensuous feelings and explodes with satisfaction.

The sex was damn good. However, here's the catch. When I began to take my cock out after she, incidentally, had come countless times with my stroking it in and out of her for two fucking hours (while she had diddled herself and I had caressed and played with every part of her body that I could get my hands on) I noticed to my surprise that I was covered with shit. This was no big thing to me. Shit isn't especially pleasant, but if you are going to fuck ass you run the risk of getting a brown cock. It was my fault. I must have literally fucked the shit right out of her small intestines. I needed two towels just to clean myself up before I could get to the shower. Sti!!. I had come twice in her, so I was really fucking hard, especially to get that second orgasm out.

When she saw the shit, however, her sexual attitude changed immediately. She became withdrawn, distant and somehow ashamed. She had shit embarrassment. She wouldn't give me her phone number, and I haven't seen her again.

The day after that experience I was sitting in the Pasolini film which spends much of its time in shitty pursuits. Girls are forced to eat it, wallow in it; and, as I mentioned before there is a long revolting banquet scene where everyone devours each others feces served up on good silver.

I don't think Pasolini has done anything to help our national consciousness regarding shit. Neither had deSade, for that matter. Nor have I. Hmm. The good name of sodomy has been destroyed by Pasolini's visions and images. For some reason (I guess he was appealing to the macho character of Italians) all the evil Fascists take it up the ass in Salo. The main vile characters:The Duke, The Bishop, His Excellency the President of the Court of Appeals, The President, they *all* get fucked up the ass by their big-dicked henchmen-aides. And while I say *big*, take it from a man who'se got a big one. Check out some of the photos illustrating this article and you'll see what really *big* means.

Although *Salo* is not a sexy film, nobody can deny the exotic, perfect, hand-picked beauty of the films participants. As you may now understand I am an ass man. So evidently is Pasolini because he has artfully arranged the most gorgeous bottoms on celluloid. The problem is the movie's intentions are so anti-sexual. In a contest to choose the most alluring rump, they make all the girls and guys present themselves bottoms up, and after the Nazi's make their decision they blow the winner's head off.

Most disturbing is Pasolini's determination to prove that age equals corruption. In scene after scene the perverted middle-aged politicos and their middle-aged beauties-turned-crone courtesans whose ingeniously sleazy sex fantasies and power trips form the fabric of the drama, are constantly perverting the innocence of youth, castrating the tender joy of love, stabbing the beauties of humanity. In the end only those persons to capitulate to evil, who abandon their human integrity are saved. Those who even vaguely try to hide their need for grace are discovered and tortured to death, humiliated beyond imagination, all except Pasolini's. What makes this such a devastating statement today is the world-wide shift to fascination for Fascistic and Nazi-like doctrines. As heavy handed as Pasolini's viewpoint may be, he issues a warning. Salo is a murdered man's last words. As grisly as they may be, they are not to be ignored.

Final impressions: the film is wonderfully acted; the decor is beautiful. But it provokes such terrible sadness. The film's first shock—when a professor's beautiful son is shot to death while trying to escape being sent off to become the plaything of monsters disguised as humans—is a point to illustrate what I mean. Only after the film has run its course of 117 minutes, that you realize he was the only lucky one. His will to be free brought about his instant death, but a poignant salvation compared to what happens to everyone else in the film, living and dead.

The Pasolini career is an illustrious one.

In 1961, Pier Paolo Pasolini (1922-1975), already an established poet, novelist and screenwriter, turned to the cinema "in order to reach a larger audience." He wrote and filmed *Accattone*, and chose as his assistant director, a young Roman literature student named Bernardo Bertolucci, who also had an important entry at The New York film festival this year.

But it wasn't until the sixth film he directed, *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* (1964), that Pasolini came into prominance as an important and influential European director. *Accattone* and *The Hawks and the Sparrows* (1965) were both shown in the 4th New York Film Festival (1966). *Pigpen* (1969) was in the 7th New York Film Festival and *The Decameron* (1971) in the 9th.

Teorema (1968) was awarded the Catholic

Film Office Prize at the Venice Film Festival and later rescinded when a reviewing committee felt that the film was definitely anti-Catholic. In a defiant gesture, he returned that prize as well as the one he had received five years earlier for *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*.

Mr. Pasolini was born in Bologna. He started writing at an early age, and during the war, he graduated from college with a degree in literature. In 1949 he moved to Rome and wrote his first novels *Ragazzi di Vita* and *Una Vita Violenta*. His career, before becoming a film director, encompassed teaching, acting (Fellini's *Nights of Cabiria*, on which he co-authored the script), translating Greek and Latin plays and scriptwriting.

Mr. Pasolini had written five volumes of poetry, six of prose, three of criticism, and had collaborated on several screenplays. His directoral credits include *Mama Roma* (1962), *La Ricotta* (from RoGoPaG) (1963), *La Rabbia* (1963), *Comizi D'Amore* (1963), an episode in *The Witches* (1968), *Medea* (1970), *Canterbury Tales* (1972), *A Thousand and One Nights* (1973); and *Salo* (1975).

This last was completed, as I mentioned, shortly before the director was brutally murdered in Rome. *Salo* has proven the most controversial of his films. It is an unsettling end to a brilliant career that needs a good new biography and perhaps a Pasolini film retrospective to be brought better into focus. ●

CECIL HOWARD'S

HEAT WAVE

(Continued from page 31)

voice thunders. Susie takes the cue.

Before long she's spread on the bed for a labia licking. She tosses her hair back and grinds her smooth round ass as the guy washes her cunt with his tongue. Up and down and in and out of her pale pink pussy he slips and slides. The camera captures every colorful crease and cranny.

Four guys spread her on a table, and before she knows what's hit her, four cocks are out and pumping. They laugh and curse as she opens her mouth and gets a dick shoved in long and deep. She takes two in tandem while a guy shoves her some meat underneath.

The guy parts her furry cuntlips and over and over again lathers her labia, tasting every drip and drop of dew that drools from her creamy quim. One of the hottest scenes in an already sex drenched flick, Susan nearly goes berserk under the delicious dipping. Her own mouth becomes frantic to return the flavor and sip some semen. She hungrily clamps her mouth around the guy's stiff cock and she gives him head like there's no tomorrow. She worships that cock, licks it up and down, nuzzles his balls, tickles her tongue over every meaty inch of it.

Susan's hair is dishevelled, her face sweaty, her mouth glued to the tubesteak that jams down her throat. She accepts the challenge and lowers her head right down to the guy's pubic hair, performing a slow, steady deep throat job that takes in every stiff bit of the stick. Then she kisses the cock over and over, never being able to get enough.

Finally she hauls her ass into position and lowers herself onto the rod, jamming and shaking her body up and down. She moans, she groans, she whimpers with delight as finally all the orgasms flood through her and she can barely stand another second of searing sex.

The narrator, Mr. Scratchit, still isn't finished. He wants to further assure the audience that each and every person has a secret little creature urging them on to untold pleasures. Sure, he's shown Sharon Mitchell with her cunt crammed with cock, bent over a desk and getting rammed good and hard. Sure, he's shown how Susan McBain gave into temptation and got the fucking of her life at the hand and cock of a delivery boy. Sure he's shown how Gloria Leonard gratefully gave in and sucked the gash of her school girl lover. He's given the go ahead to guys who would have given up the notion of making a play for a baby sitter or a secretary. But now he is out to prove that even the primmest of the prim can have the wildest fantasy possible. He focuses his finale on a social worker—a meek girl who wouldn't dream of doing anything kinky—or would she?

First we see the girl in her natural state. A polite and proper maiden, wearing glasses and carefully noting the living conditions of a gang of tough young punks. Then we see what's really on her mind! In her secret fantasy she longs to be used and abused by the whole gang—to be their own private slut, their own semen recepticle, their own pussy plaything.

Back at their club house, they throw a party—and she's the main attraction. Her hair wild and loose, her body sheathed in sexy leather, she's the center of attention. The drunken dirty punks laugh and curse at the big titted trollop who dances before them, shaking her ass and spreading her hungry cunt. They pour beer all over her

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and suck her tits and her ass and her cunt, guzzling down the beverage as it trickles in her beaver. She loves it as she squats and lets anyone who wants to finger and suck on her snatch.

There are several long cunt lapping scenes as the weird lights in the club flicker on and off and the hard rock soundtrack cooks and urges them on. The girl is coated with beer, her flabby labia is pulled poked, and for a parlor trick she grabs the folds and ties them into a neet knot. Everyone is amused—but she really wants to be further abused.

Four guys spread her on a table, and before she knows what's hit her, four cocks are out and pumping, stiff and ready to be serviced. They laugh and curse as the music gets more frantic. Two guys suck on her tits and cunt. She opens her mouth and gets a dick shoved in long and deep. She loves it. She raises her body and sits on a cock while at the same time a guy shoves the meat in her mouth. She wagd her tongue over it and takes two in tandem, sucking one and the other. The guys treat her like a whore and still she wants more. She's hungry for all they've got. One guy pulls out of her mouth and smacks her in the face with his phallus. She shakes her head trying to get the cock stuck back in her mouth. Then she sucks it contentedly. The guys continue to prod and poke her, the scene intensifying in its heat.

It seems that she can hardly take any more. She's groaning and moaning, smiling and sucking, getting it from every stiff joint in the joint. She is in perpetual motion, impaling herself on the guy under her while two guys stride alongside and let their semenous sticks slide. She bounces up and don as she takes the cocks into her mouth, and as they jerk off and the jism flies in her face and down her throat, at last the cum crazy cunt is quenched!

"Heatwave" is awash with hot bodies and wet, willing women. It pulses with pounding puds and it is a continuously interesting and entertaining collection of cocks and cunts cramming and ramming in all sorts of combinations. Fans of fuck flick fare shouldn't bypass this one when it steams into the local theaters. And remember the magic words—"If you have an itch, scratch it!" ●

SEX SUPERMARKETS

(Continued from page 7)

Supermarket employees had to be seen to be believed! The fellows were handsome and well muscled and the young ladies were amazingly beautiful. All were bottomless!

At the store's rear, two projectors and screens were set up where customers could view films of their choice. The shelves that held the films were designated by tags that read Straight Sex, Gay Sex, Bisexual Sex, Fetish Sex, etc.

Special thick nylon and velvet rugs were laid down from one end of the aisle to the other and soft mood music played continuously.

There were a dozen "employees," six young men and women in their twenties. They had to be seen to be believed. The fellows were handsome and well-muscled and the young ladies were amazingly beautiful. Each employee wore a white uniform—of sorts. Everyone wore a white jacket with name tags on the lapel, but no one had bottoms! The girls' breasts were exposed as was their lovely vaginas and the men's penises hung loose but ready to play. The girls also wore high-heeled white boots made out of synthetic suede, the males white jogging sneakers. The total lack of inhibition in the employees certainly helped relax new members or outsiders like me.

The owner wouldn't tell me the membership fee except that it was "reasonable and yet profitable. No shopper has ever complained about our supermarket prices."

Before visiting the market, I interviewed some members of the vigilante committee that had changed their opinion about "filth and smut." All were in their early forties and very attractive and well-groomed, especially a 42-year old woman named Carol. Originally, she and her husband, Jim and their friend, Ted, had pretended to shop at the market to gather evidence of "moral wrongdoing." What happened is best described in their own words. (Names have been changed for obvious reasons).

"Carol, Ted and I were allowed in the store at midnight. No sooner did we enter then we were shocked to see at least ten couples—people that we knew—copulating in the aisles. We were about to holler bloody murder when two young female workers approached us. Their names were Shirley and Lois and they were lovely to look at. Now Carol has campaigned for years against smut, but she was so shocked by what she saw that she couldn't talk.

"We were standing near a checkout counter. Suddenly, this pretty Lois reaches under the counter, pulls out a red quilt and spreads it on the counter table. The other pretty thing, Shirley, lays down on the counter and spreads her legs apart showing her you-know-what. Before we could react, Lois took Carol's hand and placed it on the other girl's bush. Sort of stupid not to call it what it is, right?

"Young man, the sight of these two gorgeous girls deliberately egging my wife on sexually gave me the biggest hard-on I've had in years. Carol, incidentally, had never touched another female sexually and I thought she'd faint or hit the girls! Ted and I stared in disbelief as Carol allowed Lois to guide her finger inside Shirley's vagina, which was now glistening and when both girls rubbed their hands over my wife's body, I thought my prick would pop out of my pants. Likewise with Ted." Ted took over at this point.

"Shirley pulled Jim over to her, unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. Our whole purpose for being there suddenly vanished because when Shirley turned sideways and began sucking Jim's schlong, Carol let out the weirdest moan I've ever heard! She then shoved her fingers deep inside Shirley's bushy box and even pushed Jim's prick further in the girl's mouth.

"I found myself pulling up Carol's skirt. Her panties were soaked with juice and I couldn't control the lust inside me. I pulled down her panties and shoved my prick into her cunt from the rear. She made that weird moan again and suddenly lowered her face to Shirley's pussy and began licking it. Lois came over to me, undid my belt and yanked down my pants and shorts, but then she stuck it back into Carol's box and even held it while I rammed Carol. Never in all my wildest dreams had anything like this ever happened! Lois further destroyed me when her other hand started to fondle my balls and behind!" Carol concluded the amazing turn-about-face.

"I had never been so aroused in my life and I loved it! Oh, how I love it and love it now! To think I had lived all these years thinking there was only one form of sex and that was between man and woman with man on top always. Anyway, as Ted's throbbing prick battered my hot cunt—I love to swear now, too—I ate that young lady up as if it was the last meal I'd ever have. I chewed on her cunt lips and her clitoris and her thighs as if her entire body was made out of some wonderful chewing gum. And the sight of her sucking my Jim's big cock while the other darling, Lois, worked on his behind made me come like I never knew a woman was meant to come."

By now I was eager myself to see the supermarket and its amazing hired help. When the owners—I'll call them Tom and Natalie—drove me to the market they told me the place was supposed to have already been closed, but that tonight was actually the final night. They refused to say more, but I had the suspicion that some of the town's authorities had also been customers.

Natalie and Tom were both 37 and Natalie was an attractively-built blonde with long, slender legs. I tried to be an impartial observer, but it was impossible. The sight of so many people, customers and hired help, white and black of all ages fucking and sucking each other ruined me. I watched a beautiful blonde lying on the counter being ravished by three men and a red-haired woman. One gent was sucking

(Continued on page 66)

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the girl's toes, the other her belly button while he rammed a dildo in and out of her vagina! The red-haired beauty was sucking and squeezing the blonde's enormous jugs and the final ravisher, a husky black dude, had a thick ebony cock buried deep in the pretty blonde's mouth! Before I could watch more Tom tapped my shoulder and pointed to the nearest aisle. "That's Lois and Shirley if you're interested."

They were indeed stunning. Shirley was tall with auburn hair and Lois was medium height with dark blonde hair. They were being serviced by four male customers. Each girl had a penis in both their vagina and rectum. The girls were leaning respectively on the cocks of two of the men while the other two males were kneeling with their respective pricks stuffed in the rear end holes! As I gaped and instinctively pulled on my own tool, the scene grew wilder.

Tom looked around for his wife and called out, "The girls are ready, Natalie." Natalie had disappeared while I was ogling everyone. When she reappeared I could only ogle her. She was naked except for thigh-high black leather boots and she was incredibly exciting just to look at. Natalie smiled at Lois and Shirley and caressed her boobs and vagina.

The sex drama proceeded as the men double-fucking the two girls increased their strokes. The man with his joint embedded in Shirley's rear exploded while the man lying on his back did likewise with his engine. Natalie pulled a package off a shelf and quickly opened it. It was a pair of knee-high hosiery for women. She knelt down besides Shirley and as the men pulled their limp batteries out of the girl's double sockets, Natalie crumpled the pair of hose into tiny balls and inserted them in both openings. Shirley moaned with pleasure as the hosiery became soaked with the double order of semen. Natalie left Shirley holding the stockings in place and turned to Lois. The same amazing procedure was repeated. Then Natalie stretched out on the rugs on her back and Lois and Shirley pulled out the four semen-soaked stockings and drenched Natalie's face and open mouth with them. The sight of Natalie's face being covered with four tons of semen through the use of the nylon mesh knee socks wiped out what little control I had left and I ran up and down the other aisles not knowing what the hell to do.

The decision was taken out of my hand when I reached the Dietetic Food aisle. An exquisite dark-haired girl with grossly large breasts and slender legs that were quite hairy yet exciting, bumped into me. Her face knocked me out! Smooth white skin, blue eyes, full sensuous lips, a tiny chiseled nose, about 5'5 and thin. She was naked except for purple ankle boots that had very spiked heels. Without thinking I soul-kissed her; everything sure goes in a sexual madness like this because she not only didn't resist, but groped for my prick.

I realized how out of place I must've looked still fully dressed. As I stripped, the beautiful girl introduced herself as Karsha Perez, a senorita. I didn't have time to find out her astrological sign or marital status because once I was naked, Karsha swallowed my prick. I gripped her lush black hair and her mouth increased its movement. Just as I was set to detonate, a tall red-headed man and a beautiful black girl came into the aisle. Suddenly, I was in an orgy.

Karsha stopped sucking me, but the black girl, Jezebel, took her place. I was pushed to the floor and as Jezebel's mouth locked my penis like a clamp, Karsha straddled my head. I touched her pussy and it was like touching a lovely wet sponge waiting to be rung out. When Karsha's cunt plopped hard on my face and I tasted her vaginal juices, I decided she must be Miss Right. I had never tasted any secretion like Karsha's and I can't describe it for fear of getting locked up. Suffice to say it tasted like lemon juice and that's my weakness for anything with the taste of lemon.

As I looked up I saw Miss Right sucking a short but wildly thick cock that belonged to the redhead. My cum boiled up again and Jezebel helped it along by sliding a finger underneath my behind and poking at what the vigilantes called the you-know-what. I heard the redhead exclaim, "I'm coming, Karsha!"

She squeezed his balls and his cock jettisoned a huge blast of cum. Karsha moaned as it hurtled down her throat and began climaxing. Her lemon pussy juice became a rainstorm and when Jezebel's middle finger slid in my you-know-what, it was my turn! In the middle of my own spurting climax, Karsha jumped off of me so she could kiss me. I wasn't particularly interested in tasting the other dude's cum, but I was so turned on by the senorita's face that I figured I could always grab a bottle of Scope off the shelf.

Evidently I passed some kind of oral test with Karsha because afterwards she told me all about herself. She did have eyes for me and had been watching me since I entered the store with Tom and Natalie. The other couple, Jezebel and Hank, were married to each other and were Karsha's best friends. Karsha was a flight attendant and sex was her only hobby. When she found out I wrote erotic articles, she wanted to read everything I ever wrote.

Anyway, by the time the supermarket closed Karsha made it with two other guys and three women. I had Natalie for a wild thirty minutes just before closing time. Karsha transferred her home base of Boston to New York just for me and we're living together. I've heard of guys meeting women in supermarkets, but as far as I'm concerned my experience will never be topped. But I do wish that Tom and Natalie would give some serious thought to opening a supermarket here in Manhattan. I'd never shop at any other store. •

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